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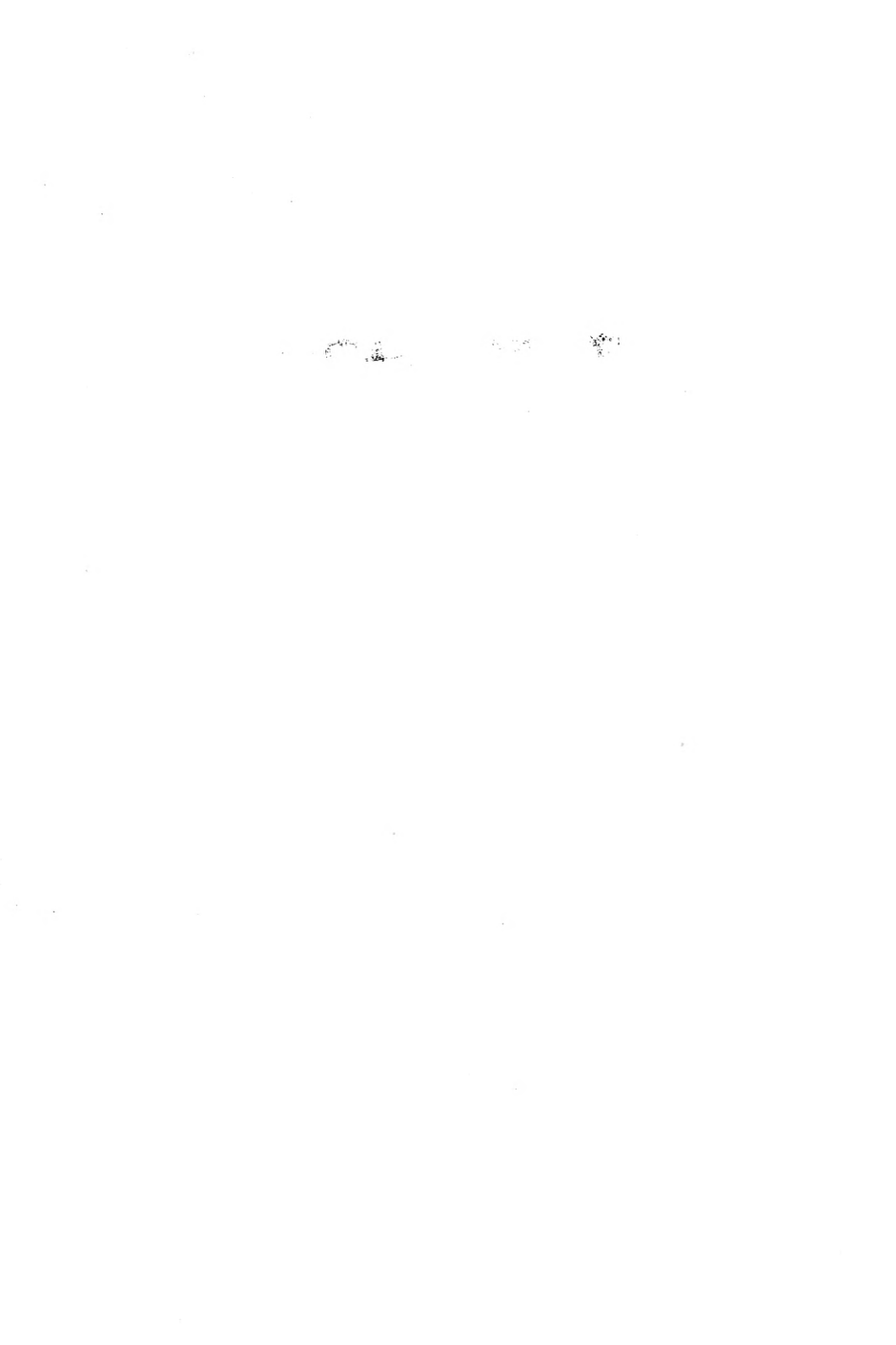
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SPECTATOR

1914

M. L.









THE SPECTATOR



1914

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DEDICATORY



E, the Class of 1914,
dedicate this volume
To H. H. KEEP

as a means of express-
ing our appreciation of
the excellent work that he
has done for the school.



2023014



P R E F A C E

AFTER a lapse of one year, Volume X takes its place in the stately files of the preceding Spectators. The return was brought about by the Class of '14 in order that in after years a printed record may be had in every home. This book is published not only as a record and memorial, but for the purpose of bringing the community into closer touch with the school.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the ready generosity with which so many friendly critics and teachers have given us their help and advice in this compilation. We wish to extend our thanks to all those who have aided us, and especially to the business men for their invaluable aid in the advertising department; to the students in the Literary, Art and Subscription departments, and to Mr. Long for his contribution to the Literary section.

THE STAFF.

Spectator Staff

Editor-in-Chief,
Samuel A. Pence.

Business Manager

Harry L. Gilmore

Advertising Manager

Alan A. Parsell

Literary

Florence Garrett

Art

Donald Sheldon

Floy Hammond

Music

Blanche Coy

Genevra Bixler

Ralph Elston

Poetry

Zema Crampton

Helen Ashley

Fern Cole

Edna Spade

Stage

Florence Dygert

Athletics

Lloyd Wilson

Russel O. Bair

Calendar

Helen Rummel

Arline Goodwin

Berniece Moody

Carlton Smith

Mary Ogden

Society

Ruth Miller

Marjorie Kunkle

Ellen Moss

Nina Ritter

Jokes

Esther Chard

Ford Zimmer

Lois Redding

Gaylord Metzgar

Alumni

Agness Pollock

Adabelle Walcott

Rose Kohl

Berniece Ramsay



EDITORIAL

Samuel A. Pence.

SCHOOLS today are different from what they were when our fathers went to school, judging from the hearsays we receive. The schools as told about by our fathers, were rude and impractical. The building in which school was held was made of logs and mud. What would happen if we would have to go to school in the same kind of buildings in which they were taught? Suppose we had gone to school for eight years in a modern school building and then we were changed and placed in one of those log school houses, what would happen? Answer that for yourself. Then there is an improvement in the building.

Another improvement is in the methods of teaching. In the early days, we are told, the school master was guarded by a "big, heavy, birch rod and a long, slim, pointed, dunce cap," but now he is fortified by the good will and loyalty of the pupils. We can also remember that not long ago "Dont's" were used profusely. As we pupils entered the school room, a large, staring and glaring "DON'T" was the first word we read upon the board. It was the first word that we heard the first day we entered a school room. As we can recall, this "don't" was followed by a great number of articles stating what we could not do. In fact, by so many that we hardly knew what we could do. But now as we enter the school room we see the "DON'T" has been crased and with it went the restrictions, and in its place we see, "DO RIGHT." If this is not a sign of improvement, there is no such word in the dictionary.

Disculting



OUR BOYS

O muse, inspire my lips with praise
As I reflect on virtues seen
So plainly—as their heads they raise—
Our own dear boys of seventeen.

Twenty-two Freshmen, perfect all,
In the play of life will soon appear;
Each possessing a forehead tall—
Each filling his place without a fear.

Boys of whom we're justly proud,
Of whom trite sayings are not allowed;
For whom we'll fight and honor to—
Yes, boys, we're truly proud of you.



L. T. PLATT

- 1898-1903 Teacher of English and Mathematics at Red Key H. S. and in the vicinity of Red Key.
- 1904-1906 Principal of Bremen H. S. Latin and English.
- 1906-1909 Supt. of Bremen Public Schools.
- 1909-1910 Teacher of Method and Pedagogy, Winona College.
- 1910-1914 Supt. of Angola Public Schools.
- 1906- A. B., Depauw University.
- 1911 and 1913 Post Graduate student, School of Education, University of Chicago. Summer terms.

GEO. L. LETTS

- 1896-1899 Student Fremont High School.
- 1899-1900 Student T. S. C.
- 1900-1909 Country School Teacher and Student at T. S. C.
- 1909-1911 Student T. S. C.
- 1911-1913 Teacher of History in A. H. S.
- 1913-1914 Principal of A. H. S.



CHARLES WITSAMAN

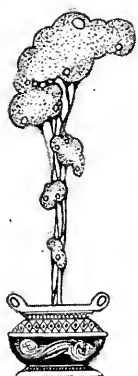
1898-	Graduate of South Milford H. S.
1900-1905	Country School teacher.
1905-1908	Grade Teacher in South Bend.
1912-	Graduate T. S. C. (by means of Summer terms.)
1911-1912	Principal of Woodburn H. S.
1912-1913	Principal of Lyford, Texas, H. S.
1913-1914	Teacher in Angola H. S.

SARAH POWELL

1891-	Graduated from Lima H. S.
1891-1893	Taught in rural schools near Lima.
1893-1896	Teacher in Lima H. S.
1896-1898	Student at Indiana University.
1898-1901	Teacher in Lima H. S.
1901-1902	Student at Illinois University.
1902-1903	Cataloger, Joyce Public Library. Orland, Ind., and Elkhart Public Library.
1903-1904	Teacher in Columbus, Wash.
1904-1907	Teacher of English and German, Goldendale, Washington.
1907-1912	Teacher of English, Latin and U.S. History, Orland, Ind.
1912-	Summer Term student at Michigan University.
1912-1914	Teacher of English, A. H. S.

H. H. KEEP

1869-1879	Country School Teacher.
1879-1886	Principal of Pleasant Lake H. S.
1888-1901	Supt. Waterloo Schools.
1901-1903	Supt. Ashley Schools.
1903-	Supt. Angola Schools.
1906-1909	Supt. Shipshewana Schools.
1909-1912	Supt. Fremont Schools.
1912-1914	Mathematics and Science, A. H. S.
1877-	Angola Academy, B. S. Degree.
1902-	Tri-State Normal College, B. S. Honorary Degree.



ANNA STEVA

- 1905-1910 Primary teacher, New Knoxville,
Ohio.
- 1913- Graduated from Ohio Northern Uni-
versity.
- 1913-1914 Teacher of German and Music, An-
gola Public Schools.

MARIE ALMOND FAIRFIELD

- 1874-1882 Girls' School, McNunville, Tenn.
- 1882-1884 Clyde, Ohio, High School.
- 1884-1886 Green Spring Academy.
- 1886-1890 Toledo Art Academy.
- 1900- Toledo Art Academy, one term.
- 1906- Toledo Manual Training, one term.
- 1909- Fine Art Academy, Chicago, Ill.,
one term teacher.
- 1890-1914 Teacher in Tri-State College.
- 1908-1914 Teacher Angola H. S.

Course of Study

Since the new laws regulating Industrial Education were enacted by the General Assembly in 1913, the course of study for the Angola High School has been in a state of transition. Marked changes are being made to have the course comply with these laws and State Board requirements which are flexible enough to permit adjustment to local conditions. As the predominant interests of this community are agricultural, the course is designed with such interests in mind. The greatest change will occur in the ninth year from which Latin and Algebra will be transferred to tenth year. But with all the changes contemplated, the requirements will remain just as rigorous as heretofore. Thirty-two credits will still be required for graduation from the Angola High School. Of these thirty-two credits, at present eighteen are required. A credit means satisfactory work in one subject recited five periods per week for one semester. The course in force at present, and under which the class of 1914 is graduating, is outlined below.

ENGLISH

Language is fundamentally the basis of all education. Without a fair knowledge of his mother tongue, it is impossible for any person to become a clear thinker or to make himself understood. Hence the work in English is emphasized in the High School course. Four years are offered, three years of which are required for graduation. For those who take a minimum of the foreign language requirement, four years of English are necessary to graduate.

The work in English consists of the study of composition and rhetoric and the reading of English classics together with the history of American and English literatures in the fourth year. In addition to the critical study of classics in class, a number of books are required for home reading, upon which the pupils are examined. Memorizing choice selections and class debates are features of the English course. Beyond the regular work in English, a course of technical English Grammar is offered during the last semester of the Senior year.

HISTORY

For the enrichment of the student's life and the development of his moral nature, no better subject is found than History. Besides giving one a picture of the progress of the human race, History affords the best basis for development of the reasoning powers. A further reason why it should claim a prominent place in the school program, is the basis it furnishes for the solution of governmental problems with which the student must come in contact. In the Angola high school three years of history are offered, one year of which is required for graduation. The history work consists of one year in Greek and Roman History, one year in Modern, one-half year of United States History and one-half year of Civics. The work is given in the

order just indicated. The work in Civics is studied from the standpoint of present day governmental problems. To make it as practical as possible, the students use the Chicago Record Herald and Literary Digest in addition to the regular text.

LANGUAGE

In this age of demands for practical results we tend to measure everything by a commercial standard. We ask what it will yield in dollars and cents. Now, material results are not always the most practical, for they may be too transitory. On the other hand, therefore, permanent qualities of mind and character must be considered. For this reason foreign languages are given a prominent place in the course of study. The foreign languages, when seriously considered, give discipline of mind and thought, power of expression, information, outlook, the sense of the noble and beautiful in literature.

Two languages, Latin and German, are offered in the Angola High School. Pupils on entering have the option of either language, which must be pursued two years for graduation. The first year's work in Latin consists of a study of forms, derivatives and constructions; in the second year, Caesar's Commentaries are studied; the third year is spent in Cicero's Orationes. Composition is given one day each week in the second and third year.

The first year of German is devoted to the study of declensions and conjugations together with reading of easy prose. The direct method is used. In the second year, the work is the reading of a number of German classics together with composition. The recitation work of this year is conducted in German. There is no third year class this year, but a course is outlined in which the language is studied from a literary point of view. In addition to the above work a German club meets one hour each week from 7 o'clock to 8 o'clock. The purpose of the club is to develop the ability to speak the language. The program is given in German.

SCIENCE

In order to meet the demands of the world successfully, one must be able to cope intelligently with his physical environment. A knowledge of various phases of nature is essential to give man this ability. To wait until one has reached the High School to begin his or her study of natural phenomena, is putting the work too late in the student's life. Such sciences as Nature Study, Geography and Physiology are given in the grades. On the other hand, to stop science study with the grades, is giving the child too meager knowledge of his surroundings. The course of Science in this school is intended to broaden the child's view and to make his environment his servant.

Four years of Science are offered, of which two years are required. The Science offered is one year each of Physiography, Botany, Physics and Chemistry. Of these either Physiography or Botany fills one year's requirement and Physics or Chemistry makes out the second year's work. The majority of the students elect Physiography and Chemistry. The Botany is largely agricultural; and the other sciences are applied to problems of home, farm and shop.

MATHEMATICS

Probably the only real test of formal logic that the majority of people get is from the study of Mathematics. While there are some other branches of study that furnish more wholesome means for the development of the reasoning powers in general, there is no high school subject which demands such exactitude and logical arrangement of statements to reach conclusions as Mathematics. Again, by its use of symbolism, Mathematics lays the foundation for a higher plane of thinking. Whenever the mind is able to reason readily with symbols, it is then capable of doing logical thinking. And logical thinking is only common sense organized.

In Mathematics the course covers three years of work, of which one year each is given to Algebra, Plane Geometry and Commercial Arithmetic. Two years of Mathematics are required of all students for graduation.

MANUAL TRAINING

Manual Training has gained a permanent place in public school work. Both from psychological and commercial reasons it is a necessary part of every child's training. It makes a strong appeal to the boys because of its mechanical and practical nature. From a psychological standpoint it is valued because it furnishes an opportunity for the training of the hand. Again, the muscles are the great clarifiers of thought. We have heretofore offered training for the heart and head but neglected the hand. The training of the three is the modern educational ideal.

Three years' work is outlined: two being given in the seventh and eighth grades and one year in the high school. In the high school wood work only is given; in the grades both wood work and sewing are given. In the seventh and eighth grades the work is required; in the high school it is elective. In the high school the wood work is open to both boys and girls. In addition two years of cooking will be offered next year. The sewing is outlined in accordance with the National System of Domestic Science; the wood work in accordance with the Progressive System of Manual Training.

MUSIC

Since the ideals of education have risen to the height that calls for the development of the whole individual, any course of study that ignores or neglects the emotional life of the child, is seriously defective. No one can deny that the emotions do form a large factor in determining the conduct of man; and that unless the emotions are properly directed they become a damaging force in society. It is only when the emotions are centralized into pure sentiments that they become positive forces for good. Music has that power of centralization of emotions about pure sentiments, for which reason it naturally becomes a fundamental part of a course of study.

In the High School the work in Music is fitted to the different stages of advancement of the students. To those who have never pursued a systematic study of music in the grades, an elementary course comprised of the rudiments is planned and required. In addition two other courses are given,

one in fundamentals, the other in chorus work. Admission to the chorus work presupposes ability to read music readily. For studying the master-pieces from an interpretative point of view and for developing an appreciation for them, a Victrola has been added to the department.

DRAWING

Drawing comes into courses of study for various reasons. Among these two reasons justify its presence in a public school course. It is a means of expression that has been employed time out of mind; and it is a valuable aid in the cultivation of the aesthetic sense in man and woman. At no time does this aesthetic sense develop so rapidly as in the high school period of childhood. It is the time when the child is grasping for every means of expressing itself; it is also the time when beautiful "aircastles" are built and the dreams of future glory assert themselves. Drawing is one means affording an opportunity to put these in tangible form.

While it is not the aim of the course in Drawing in this High School to make artists, yet it is one intention of this department to give the pupil a knowledge of the means by which an artist portrays his meaning in pencil and color. The permanent object is to teach the student to see and to express what he sees. The course includes lettering, perspective and landscape work. The media used are pencil, charcoal, crayon and paint. The work is required in the first year and is elective in the other years.



SENIORS



HERE, YOU'RE
FIRED! I'M
GONNA SHOW
YOU HOW TO
HOLD THAT
THING!!



The Senior Class

Officers

President	Agness Pollock
Vice-President	Rose Kohl
Treasurer	Donald Sheldon
Secretary	Blanche Coy
Poet	Zema Crampton
Historian	Ginevra Bixler

Motto:

"Find a Way or Make One."

Colors

Gold and Black

Flower

American Beauty Rose

Class Roll

Ginevra Bixler	Eber Jeffery
Esther Chard	Rose Kohl
Zema Crampton	Samuel Pence
Blanche Coy	Agness Pollock
Florence Dygert	Ruth Miller
Harry Gilmore	Bernice Ramsay
Florence Garrett	Helen Rummel
Frances Junod	Donald Sheldon
Adabelle Wolcott	Lloyd Wilson

Alan A. Parsell



HARRY L. GILMORE

"Stub" turns the crank at the picture show,
And he's full of fun as you all know.

FLORENCE G. GARRETT

The Salutatory she will give
At our Commencement, sure's you live.

***BLANCHE COY**

Here's Blanche, our efficient secretary,
With flushed cheeks when she gets contrary.

***FRANCES L. JUNOD**

She is always at her work
And no duty does she shirk.



SAMUEL A. PENCE

Sam, a printer of renown,
Likes very much to sit and frown.



ZEMA J. CRAMPTON

Zema's apt to sit and spout,
If one of the Faculty "bawls her out."



RUTH L. MILLER

Ruth, a very popular girl,
Likes dances and parties all in a whirl.



***AGNESS N. POLLOCK**

Here's our President, tall and stately,
Who likes the boys a little, lately.



LLOYD F. WILSON

He's the tallest boy in school,
Not very noisy, but always cool.

ROSE I. KOHL

Rose, a good looking and sensible lass,
Once was the President of our class.

HELEN B. RUMMEL

Helen's not so very tall,
But she's a jolly friend of all.

ADABELLE V. WALCOTT

Your feet won't lag when she'll begin
To fiddle on the middle of her violin.



***EBER W. JEFFERY**

Here is the logical man of the class,
Whose argumentation is hard to surpass.



***BERNEICE G. RAMSAY**

Oh, Berneice is slim and sometimes blows,
And stays out of school as the record shows.



FLORENCE DYGERT

Florence, always blithe and gay,
Writes some poetry so they say.



***GINEVRA J. BIXLER**

Ginevra, whom the girls call Joy,
Will hardly look at a boy.



***DONALD G. SHELDON**

He is one of the original eight,
And the Valedictory² is his fate.



ESTHER M. CHARD

If Esther should a teacher be,
The kids would shout, "Have sympathy!"



***ALAN A. PARSELL**

Leap year proposals are Allan's fears,
Which we hope he'll outgrow in future years.

* The eight members of the class thus indicated started together in the First Grade, under the faithful direction of Miss Felia Parish. They have kept together "through thick and thin" for the last twelve years.

Ode to a Senior Boy

Blessing on thee, little man,
Senior boy, with cheeks of tan;
With thy regular pantaloons
And thy funny tuneless tunes;
With thy black hair, blacker still
Than the blackberries on the hill.
With the freckles on thy face,
Shining neath thy derby's base,
From my heart I wish thee joy—
Lazy, sleepy, Senior boy.

ZEMA CRAMPTON.

Senior Class History

The Senior Class of 1914 is composed of nineteen members, eight of whom started together in the first grade under Miss Parish. The original eight are, Agness Pollock, Blanche Coy, Bernice Ramsay, Frances Junod, Genevra Bixler, Eber Jeffery, Alan Parsell and Donald Sheldon.

We were joined in the third grade by Samuel Pence; in the fourth by Harry Gilmore; in the sixth by Ruth Miller; in the seventh by Florence Dygert and Adabelle Walcott, and in the eighth grade by Zema Crampton.

In the first year of High School our number was increased to fifty-four. As Freshmen we were very industrious, and had the honor of being called the smartest Freshmen class that every entered the A. H. S.

In the Sophomore year our troubles began, and many of our number dropped out. After overcoming our Freshman timidity, we began to write notes and whisper. As a result of our hilarity, our deportment dropped and we were given the pleasure of taking all the examinations.

We had grown wiser by the time we reached our Junior year, and we worked more diligently, since we were nearing the goal of our desire.

Our Senior year has been a very busy one. We have accomplished much in our school work, and aside from this we have found time to engage in many social functions. We are sure that this has added much to the pleasure of our school year.

Without the constant help and interest of our teachers, we could never have been successful in graduating. They have ever been ready to help us over the difficult places. We appreciate this friendly care and watchfulness and feel sure that their influence will go with us through life.

REVELATIONS

Now it came to pass in the fourteenth year of the twentieth century, the third month, and twenty-fourth day, during the reign of Luther, son of Martin, in the house of Platt, in the town of Angola, as we, Ruth, the daughter of William, and Agness, the daughter of Morton, were among the captives of the Senior class, that visions of the future were revealed to us through an opening of the mist which separates the Present and Future.

And a brightness was about it and out of the midst thereof came the likenesses of seventeen living creatures; and this was their appearance:

Like unto the bow that is in the cloud on the day of rain, so was the likeness of Geneva Bixler as she appeared as Leonora in Verdi's "Il Trovatore."

And lo, another figure came out of the midst, and we beheld Blanche Coy, "ably" performing the duties of a housewife in a small mining town in Washington.

And it came to pass as we gazed on this scene that the picture dimmed and another appeared in which we beheld the senate chamber with all the congressmen gathered therein, harkening to a great oration by the president of the senate, Eber Jeffery.

And lo, as we sat spellbound, staring at the wonders which were being wrought, behold there was a commotion in the crowd and Zema Crampton came forth followed by Helen Rummel whom she introduced as her private secretary. "Verily, I say unto you, women shall have equal rights with men," she spake, and was again lost in the midst thereof.

Then behold there came forth from their midst, two people and took their places in the opening between Present and Future. Thus it was that we perceived Donald Sheldon, who sitteth with his palette and brushes, painting a picture of his charming model, Esther Chard.

Thus it was these great revelations came to us and we sank into our chairs and sighed heavily, but lo, we were aroused by the sound of beautiful music from the direction of our vision. We gazed, and lo, out of the group beheld the slender figure of a maiden playing the sweet strains of Wilhelm Tell upon a violin. Behold this was Adabelle Walcott, the class violinist.

And lo, we heard a voice in the wilderness, saying, "Hasten thee into the nearby village and there ye will find a beloved one, Florence Garrett, and a crowd of pupils shall be round about her harkening to the words which she imparts to them.

And again we looked and saw a great and golden light in the distance, and as we drew near we beheld a grove of oranges, and in the midst was Alan Parsell directing the plucking of the fruit.

And there was at that time another figure who appeared and spake: "Lo, I, Samuel A. Pence, am editor of the San Francisco Call, and it has come to pass that Bernice Ramsay, the well known illustrator, is holding forth in our Art Department."

And it came to pass while we were gazing we discerned a ship mid-way of the sea, and lo, we beheld thereon our classmate, Florence Dygert, on her way to the Philippines, being still in quest of the one of her choice.

Now once again there came forth out of the mist a familiar figure in the person of Harry Gilmore, who being of a mechanical turn of mind, had found a position as chauffeur for Vincent Astor.

Farther on we beheld a home wherein our friend, Frances Junod, went happily about her domestic duties.

And lo, as these visions were slowly fading from our memories, we could dimly discern the faces of Lloyd Wilson and Rose Kohl, quietly settled down at their beautiful country home. At this time the opening in the mist closed and we were permitted to see no further into the future.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

Years have come and years departed,
Since we first as classmates met;
Years of toil, but years of pleasure—
Pleasure we can ne'er forget.

While the dear old days recalling
Memory weaves a magic spell,
May it never be unbroken,
But our future joys foretell.

Tou, O future, art uncertain,
But our God, who reigns above,
Watching o'er us, still will lead us;
Trust we now his power and love.

CLASS WILL

Know all men by these presents, That we, the undersigned, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, of the Angola High School, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby removing and making void any other will by us at any time heretofore made:

We, the Senior Class, do will and bequeath our Senior dignity to the verdant Freshmen, said dignity to be held in trust until said Freshmen attain proper age.

To the High School at large we do give the right to aggravate any teacher, by running about the Assembly room without permission during the ten minute period.

We, the following, do make, publish and declare the subjoined list of personal property in the following manner:

I, Alan Parsell, bequeath to Charles Carrick, fifty pounds of my superfluous weight.

I, Helen Rummel, bequeath to any Junior in distress, my extreme love for Geometry.

We, the Fourth Year Latin Class, do give and devise our translations of Virgil to the Sophomore Latin students, with the request that they handle same with caution.

I, Bernice Ramsay, do hereby give all my letters which I have received from Coldwater, to the library, on condition that they be placed in a glass case and used for exhibition purposes only.

I, Harry Gilmore, do will and bequeath to Augustine Williamson my ability to skip school.

We, the Senior Spectator Staff, do will and bequeath our ability to get our Annual out on time to the Staff of nineteen hundred fifteen.

I, Donald Sheldon, do give and bequeath my Senior brilliancy to any one in the Junior class deserving the honor.

I, Florence Dygert, do give and devise to Harold Cain my introductions to recitations, especially "It said," and "Well."

I, Blanche Coy, hereby give and bequeath to Gertrude Ingalls my knowledge of music.

I, Eber Jeffery, do will and bequeath to George Hendry my good assembly room behavior.

I, Esther Chard, do give to Fern Cole my high deportment grade.

We, Florence Garrett, and Frances Junod, do will and bequeath to Beulah Nichols and Edna Spade our great regard for T. S. C. students.

I, Genevra Bixler, do give to Laura Brunson my great respect for Wilson.

I, Agness Pollock, bequeath to Joyce Miller my love of bob-load parties.

I, Floyd Wilson, do will and bequeath to John Bryan my distinguished name.

I, Rose Kohl, do give and devise to Jeannette Pollock and Lois Redding my ability to entertain.

I, Adabelle Walcott, do give and bequeath to Pyrl Tiffany my talent as a violinist.

I, Zema Crampton, hereby bequeath to Mildred Hanselman my rules on "how to walk."

I, Ruth Miller, do will and bequeath to Marjorie Kunkle and Mildred Leininger my privilege of having masculine escort to school.

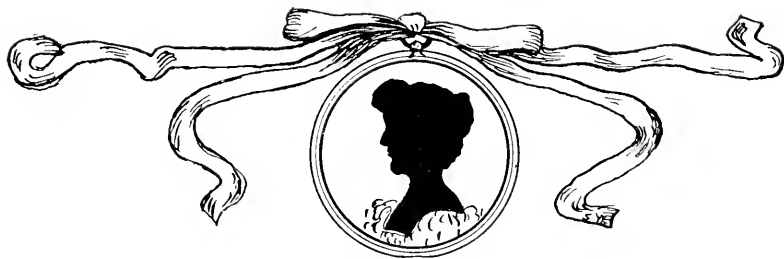
I, Samuel Pence, do leave my power to repeat questions correctly to anyone who feels in need of this accomplishment.

We, the undersigned, do nominate and appoint George L. Letts, executor of this, our last will and testament, and desire that he be allowed by the court in which this will is probated to perform his duties as executor without being required to give bond.

In witness whereof, we have subscribed our names and caused our seal to be affixed this, the 6th day of May, in the year nineteen hundred fourteen.

(Seal)

—CLASS NINETEEN HUNDRED FOURTEEN.



Commencement Week Program

Class Play, Friday, May 1st.

Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday May 24th.

Junior Reception, Monday, May 25th.

Commencement, Friday, May 29th.

JUNIORS



The Junior Class, 1915

President Russel O. Bair
Vice-President Eva Martin
Secretary Ford Zimmer
Treasurer Arline Goodwin
Class Poet Helen Ashley
Historian Mildred Leininger

Motto:

"Not what we would but what we should."

Yell:

Whiz! Whiz! Hickety Sizz!
Flippity! Flopity! Flippity Whiz!
Rickety Raw! Rickety Russ!
Juniors! Juniors! That's Us!

Flower: Red Rose.

Class Roll

Russel Bair	Ford Zimmer
Mildred Leininger	Laura Brunson
Marjorie Kunkle	Arline Goodwin
Helen Ashley	Eva Martin
Grace Garret	Joyce Miller
Floy Hammond	Winifred Walcott
Eva Orwig	Maud Harmon
Bessie Coleman	



Junior Class Poem

Let Freshmen come, let Seniors go,
And the Sophomores much wiser grow;
As days pass on, and years roll by,
They'll sing our praises to the sky;
But never more will Angola see
In High School, such a class as we—
The Juniors.

Appreciate us while we're here,
For we'll but stay another year.
Our class again will ne'er be seen,
The class of nineteen and fifteen;
Thirteen girls, two boys are all,
But we respond to every call—
We Juniors!

Let Seniors hold their heads up high,
And show their pins, as they go by;
This is for them the closing year,
Then a chance we'll have to domineer.
Of course our class can hardly wait
For the present Seniors to graduate—
Oh! Juniors!

Junior Class History

2023014

History, broadly speaking, concerns itself with only the most important events of the human race. The history of the world is largely that of its battles, since might still makes right, and the triumphs of the conqueror prove the survival of the fittest.

The class of 1915 has been truly militant, having waged three years of civil war, the ammunition being chiefly B. B. shot, paper wads and erasers.

Let us rapidly pass over this period of our existence, when we were all monkeys, and also the semi-barbaric age, when we were enveloped in the darkness of the grades to the beginning of the Renaissance period which began on the fourth day of September, nineteen hundred and eleven. On that day the green grocer's wagon delivered at the door of the High School, fifty-five bewildered freshmen, no cold storage products, but the real thing, all green and guaranteed not to fade.

Although a large number of our class have fallen by the wayside, we have inherited six heirlooms, chiefly from former classes, so that we now muster eighteen.

In our Freshman year we organized our class after many embarrassing situations. We also established a successful postoffice, but that was soon discovered by some of the faculty and was annihilated to our great sorrow.

The next year we felt more dignified and watched with pleasure the mistakes of the Freshmen. By this time we had realized that there was something else to do besides gaze around, so we began studying.

This year our weakest point has been deportment, as we all have been inclined to whisper. Although we suffered those few days of examination, we enjoyed ourselves the other part of the year. Our greatest aim now is to become Seniors, and although our class is small, we are determined to be the best class of all.

VICTROLA MORNING

Mr. Letts: "All take your seats for chorus!" (Everybody moves very quietly.)

Miss Steva enters upon the scene.

"This is Victrola Morning! You may all go back to your own seats. Dean, will you and Ralph act as pall bearers?" (Grand shuffle.)

After a few mild moments of anxious waiting, the procession moves slowly up the hall with Miss Steva as the only mourner. We all remain silent and sit with bowed heads while the trio enter and place the dark, dismal box upon the groaning table.

Miss Steva slams back the roof, puts on a black wheel and turns to the solemn gathering. At this pitiful point she gives us a short, snappy synopsis of some sad, sentimental story. Then, after several minutes of continuous cranking, she releases the creaking clutch, slams down the large lid and away we go. The orchestra grinds off several mad measures of melodious, mystifying music and the sweet soprano soloist steps spasmodically upon the scene. She softly sings several sentimental strains in German, hesitates for an inspiring instant and then pours forth a cloud-burst of irritative Italian or something sadly similar.

Everyone leans forward in sickening suspense. Mr. Witsaman's hair mounts to erect position. (mirabile dictu.) But still she soars on louder and higher. The terrified top flies furiously from the miserable machine and she gains her freedom in a frenzy. Up! Up! Up! Piercing———. But have a heart! Mr. Letts heroically rushes to the rescue, pushes the electric bell and all is off.

SOPHOMORES



The Sophomore Class, '16

Officers

President	Ralph Elston
Vice-President	Jeannette Pollock
Secretary	Phyllis Slade
Treasurer	Daphne Goodale
Poet	Fern Cole
Historian	Jane Webb

Motto: "Think."

Class Colors

Lavender and White

Flower

Violet.

Yell:

Hegely, Rigely, Rickety Rah!
Freshmen! Juniors! Seniors, Bah!
Short, Tall, Fat and Lean!
Sophomores nineteen-sixteen!

Class Roll

Ellen Moss	Ralph Elston
Bernice Moody	Sterling McClellan
Jane Webb	Leo Wilcox
Daphne Goodale	Hazel Tuttle
Lucile Webb	Ruth Master
Stanley Castle	Lois Myers
Dono Wolfe	Fern Cole
Glen Clark	Elsie Rinehart
Marjorie Morgan	Ana Ireland
Mildred Hanselman	Lois Redding
Pearl Tiffany	Phyllis Slade
Harold Cain	Thomas Emerson
Jeannette Pollock	Leone Williams
Gertrude Ingalls	Henry Wolfe
Anna Wambaugh	Ralph Patterson
Dean Cline	Erwin Mast

Lolabelle Gundrum



Sophomore Class Poem

Tell us not in compound numbers,
The Sophomore class was not a dream,
For the teachers' made us lumber
All day bus'ly writing themes.

School is real; School is earnest!
But we haven't reached the end
And the future years will teach us
Things, which now we ne'er contend.

Not enjoyments, worse than sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But we hope that each tomorrow
Finds us better than today.

Days are long and lessons tiresome,
But our hearts are stout and brave;
Teacher's cross: we wish they'd hire some
Who wouldn't drive us to our graves.

But we are always up and doing
With a very rapid gait,
And in the year nineteen sixteen
We all hope to graduate.

FERNE COLE, Poet.



CUTE LIL' FRESHIES

The Freshman Class, '17

Officers

President	Gaylord Metzgar
Vice-President	Walton VanCleave
Historian	Emily Waugh
Poet	Edna Spade
Treasurer	Carlton Smith

Yell:

One a Zip! Two a Zip! Three a Zip! A Zah!
Angola Freshmen Don't Give a Hobble!
Gobble! Dazzel! Zip! Boom! Bah!
Angola Freshmen! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Flower

American Beauty Rose

Colors

Wine and Silver

Motto:

"Perseverance Conquers All."

Enrollment of the Class

Paul Coy	Pearl Johnson
Wayland Seeley	Beulah Nichols
Paul Neutz	Edna Spade
Gaylord Metzgar	Willa Griffith
Robert Cole	Hazel Orton
Leo Bair	James Higgins
Charles Carrick	Samuel Brooks
Robert Douglass	Claude Reese
Augustine Williamson	Mary Ogden
Lloyd Reese	Wilma Jonsson
Aubrey Weiss	Faye Robinett
Newton Dygert	Fern Blake
Robert Fink	Carlton Smith
Vergil Kundard	Walton VanCleave
George Hendry	Mildred Kintner
Hermina Biehl	St. Clair VanAuken
Nina Ritter	Harold Howell
Emily Waugh	Ida May Frisbie
Martha Kankamp	Inez Griffin
DeLoss Goodale	John Bryan
Walter Goodwin	Letha Rozell
Hale Miller	Wayne Deller



Freshman Class Poem

Now here's to the sturdy Freshies,
Of the honored A. H. S.,
We're very strong in numbers,
We are forty-six or less.

The Seniors feel above us,
The Sophs and Juniors too,
But we don't care we're going some,
And know that we'll get through.

Some of us are rather green,
And some are over done,
But just the same we're getting there,
For I say we're goin' some.

In the Assembly Room each morning,
Oh the noise those Seniors make,
And Mr. Letts says, "Watch the east side,"
And a pattern from them take.

But Perseverance conquers all,
Whether over done or green.
So watch the top you'll find us there
In nineteen seventeen.

EDNA SPADE, Poet.

Freshman Class History

In the fall of 1906, sixty happy children entered the primary grades of the Angola Public Schools, as pupils of Miss Parish. After a struggle that has lasted nine years, we find only seven of the original number in the Freshman class: Carlton Smith, DeLoss Goodale, Virgil Kundard, Letha Rozell, Edna Spade, Martha Kankamp and Emily Waugh. Of this number, only the three boys have remained continuously in the Angola schools. The girls have spent a part of the time in various other places, but, like "bad pennies," have returned to complete the course in Old A. H. S. At present the Freshman Class numbers forty-four—twenty-six boys and eighteen girls.

As a class we do not boast of achievements "Minervian, Thespian or Euterpean;" we do not pretend to be even a "pretty pert set of youngsters." We are just a plain, ordinary lot, but we are daily striving to attain success with our motto, "Perseverance Conquers All," as our guide.

—HISTORIAN.

Grade Teachers

Luella Rempis	Eighth Grade
Angei Utter	Seventh Grade
Ada Bair	Sixth Grade
Oradell Parsell	Fifth Grade
Grace Crain	Fourth Grade
Maude Schoville	Third Grade
Hazelle Reynolds	Second Grade
Mrs. Emily Pough	First Grade
Erma Kint	North Ward



Eighth Grade

Officers of Eighth Grade

President	Florence Mast
Vice-President	Vera Myers
Treasurer	Elmer Higgins
Secretary	Pauline Hendry
Poet	Marie Ellis
Historian	Paul Butz
Class Will	Paul Harman
Prophet	Ruth Graf

Class Motto:

"Be Second to None."

Class Flower

Lily of the Valley

Class Colors

Green and White

Yell

Whiz! Whiz! Hickety Sizz!
Flipity Flopity! Flipity Fliz!
Rickety Raw! Rickety Rus!
Eighth Grade, that's us!

CLASS ROLL

Birdie Morrison	Mildred Wolfe
Ethel Woodring	Dorothy Pence
Bruce Boyers	Ruth Graf
Wade Libey	Vera Myers
L. D. Crain	Roscoe Crissinger
Enos Parsell	Maurice Parsell
Ora Harman	Rachel Bohner
Ruth Zabst	Irma Garrett
Pauline Hendry	Thursa Greenlee
Marie Ellis	Frank Tiffany
Elsie Stiefel	Lenora Flowers
Florence Mast	Neta Somerlott
Minard Rese	Gertrude Brugh
Paul Butz	Gerald Mugg
Heber Wood	Clair Teeters
Paul Harman	Troas Wells
Grace Berlien	Lillian Taylor
Bertrice Wilcox	Vera Lenington
Elmer Higgins	Nora Shaffer
Paul Graf	Vera Callender



Eighth Grade Poem

Of all the classes in the school,
We are the largest and the best,
For with a mighty Eighth Grade Class,
Our old A. H. S. beats all the rest.

When we began work here last fall,
There were so many things to learn,
Of wars and dates and sums and all,
That most of us began to squirm.

Our Grammar surely makes us think,
For nouns and pronouns get turned round,
And parsing verbs makes all hearts sink,
And our brains, we fear, are not left sound.

Of our Miss Rempis we are proud,
She gave us aid all thro' the year.
We speak of her in tones aloud,
And wish that every one may hear.

Of musicians good we have a host,
Our work in Art makes Mrs. Fairfield start,
But of this we haven't time to boast,
When each class member does his part.

Now, Eighth Grade classmates, keep good cheer,
As the flying seasons come and go;
When you read the lines collected here,
May you help our class to prosper and grow.

—POET.

Eighth Grade Class History

Of our present class, the following entered the first grade together and have been together ever since: Florence Mast, Grace Berlien, Ora Harman, Elsie Stiefel, Pauline Hendry, Heber Wood, Paul Butz, Roscoe Crissinger, Mildred Wolfe, Nora Shaffer, and Frank Tiffany. Gertrude Brugh entered with us but moved away later. This year she has come back to us.

Those who entered the class from the Ward schools are, Bertrice Wilcox, Ethel Woodring, Bruce Boyers, Wade Libey and Gerald Mugg. Along with this number, fifteen more members have been added in other grades.

While we were in the Sixth grade, we lost one of our members, Vern Headley, by death.

At the beginning of this year our class enrollment was forty-four, but we have already lost five of our number by withdrawals.

During our school years, we have had the following teachers: Miss Parish, first grade; Miss Mathews, second grade; Miss Schoville, third grade; Mr. Kyper, fourth grade; Miss French, fifth grade; Mrs. Barker, sixth grade; Miss Brandeberry, seventh grade, and now this year, Miss Rempis.

We have an interesting class and, like most of the rest, we have had our share of failures as well as some success. We want to keep our number unbroken, if possible, throughout our High School course, and hope to do great things, knowing that it is possible for us to "Be Second to None."

PAUL BUTZ, Historian.

Seventh Grade

Wilma Slade
Edna Stetler
Elsie Stetler
Lucile Carpenter
Esther McClellan
Mildred Miller
Joyce Palfreyman
Hilda Cline
Hilda Marrow
Marion Ewers
Lavernia Gregg
Florence McCool
Martha Welch
Alma Webb
Willa Soyke
Maurine Beard
Clifford Wilkinson
Loyal Wilson
Paul Cassel
Ralph Probst
Donal Orewiler

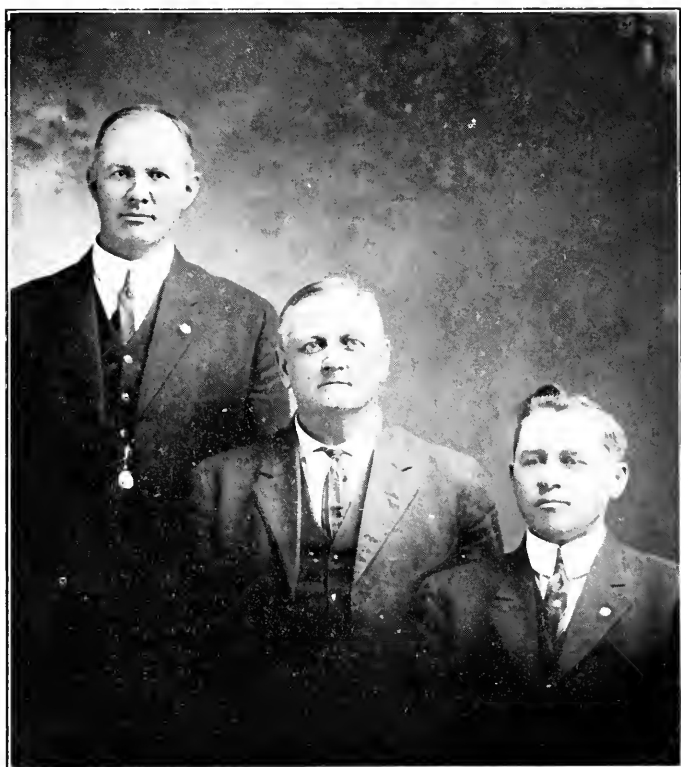
Paul Owen
Frank Wood
James Bryan
Kenton Letts
Mark Croxton
Russell Cravens
Erbue Miller
Wayne Somerlott
Marcellus Miller
H. G. Anspaugh
Henan Walsh
Bertan Swanger
Floyd Lane
Lyle McBride
Ollie Bassett
Byron Griffiths
Carlton Fink
Gaylord Crain
Claude Clark
Freed Ettinger
Oscar Parsons





Albert W. Wilcox—Bert to most of us—has for the last seven years proved himself a most efficient custodian, and has gained the friendship and esteem of everyone connected with the school. Even the birds, for which he has erected a fine bird house, are included among his friends. He is always making little improvements in and about the school house, such as window boxes and flower beds, and in numerous other ways he has taken an active interest in school life.

Mr. Wilcox is also a musician, playing one of the important parts in Angola's well known City Band. Several times he has kindly favored the High School with a euphonium solo.



C. A. Yotter President

F. B. Humphreys..... Secretary

E. L. Dodge..... Treasurer

Athletics

Athletics is very essential to a complete education. Without it High School life is comparatively dead to the majority of boys and girls. Many students who would not otherwise finish the High School course are urged on by athletics.

The body exerts a strong influence over the mind. While now and then we find a brilliant intellect associated with a weak and sickly body, in general, health and vigor of the body lead to a clear intellect. If athletics is properly conducted it not only promotes physical development and good morals, but it also creates enthusiasm in the school work.

A school without its athletic teams has no means of associating with the adjoining schools and of becoming acquainted with the students.

The Athletic Association of the A. H. S. was not organized until late in September. Several previous attempts had been made but the eligible members failed to secure support and abandoned the idea. Later the Faculty strongly encouraged organization and an athletic meeting was called. The following officers were elected:

President	Mr. George Letts
Vice-President	Mr. Harry Gilmore
Secretary	Miss Marjorie Kunkle
Treasurer	Mr. Donald Sheldon
Student Manager	Mr. Alan Parsell

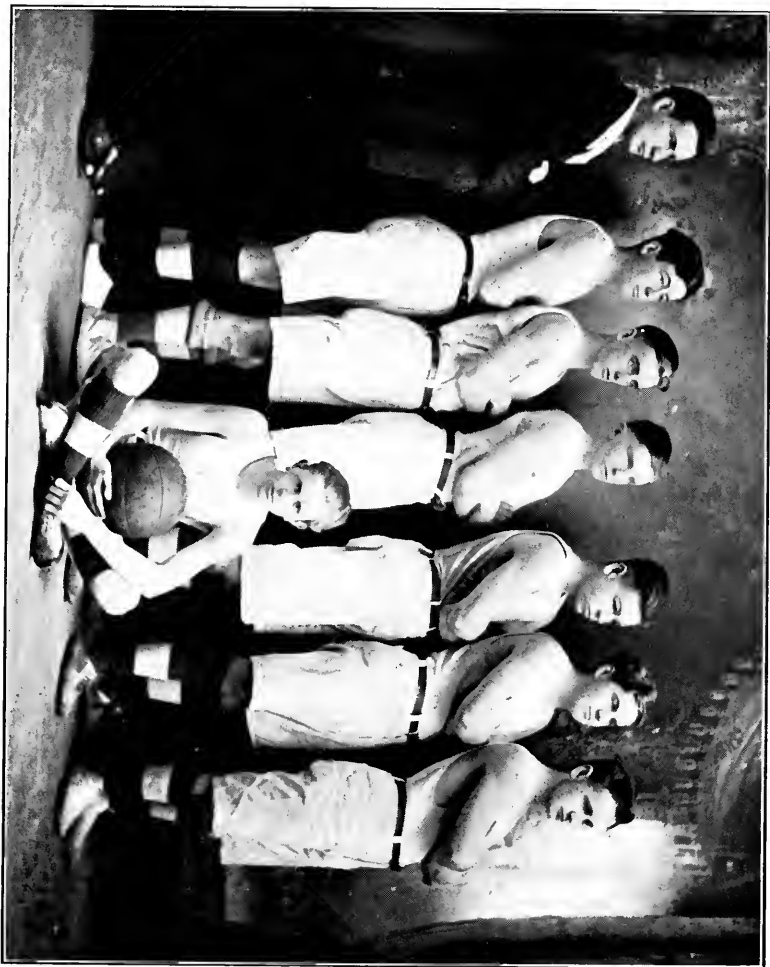
The Athletic Association grew until it finally consisted of fifty or more members. As the basket ball season was at hand, another meeting was soon called for the purpose of securing the College gymnasium. A committee was appointed for the purpose. The T. S. C. gymnasium was rented and practice began.

After some training, the first team was selected and played its opening game with Albion. Not being accustomed to such a slippery floor as the Albion gymnasium had, they could not play to any advantage. Besides, it was the first game for the A. H. S. team, and none of its members had practiced any during the previous year. Although Angola did not win, the game proved to be an interesting and "slippery" one.

At the end of the first semester, some of the members did not have the standard grades necessary to permit their staying on the team. This meant that no more inter-scholastic games could be played, as there were not enough players in practice to fill the vacancies. However, the practice was continued at the gymnasium. At the end of the school year every one thought that we had had a very profitable and enjoyable season of basket ball practice.

Tennis

This year the first tennis court was built on the school grounds by the A. H. S. boys. Needless to say tennis was a popular game with everybody. Outside of school hours, when the weather permitted, the courts were alive with enthusiastic players. Many good games were enjoyed. When the tennis season closed it was with deep regret that the nets were taken down and the rackets and balls were laid aside.



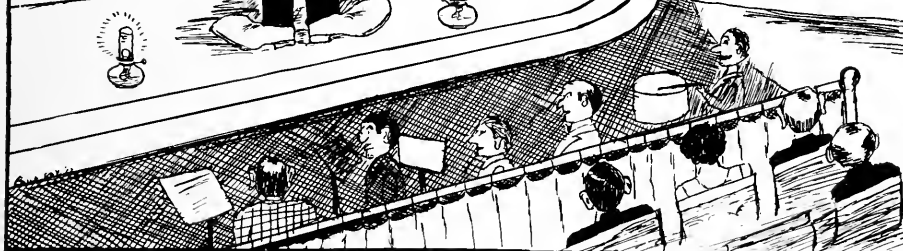
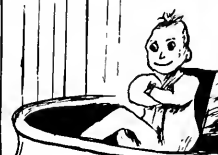
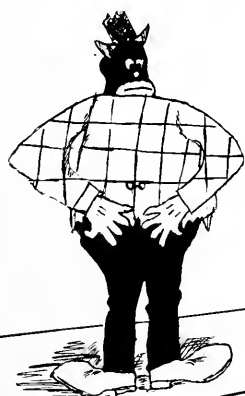
HEARD IN THE HALLS

We have been constantly reminded that the halls are no place to carry on a conversation, but where is there an A. H. S. student who can refrain from talking? Members of the Spectator Staff have heard, among other things: That Stanley Castell really looked at a girl this semester; that Mr. Letts thinks some of joining the Odd Fellows; that Eber Jeffrey broke only two beakers, a graduate and four test tubes in the experiment last week; that Hale Miller expects to put on long trousers soon; that if all the sleep lost on bob-load parties could be collected, Rip Van Winkle might return and pull off another double decade snooze; that Lee Hirsch expects to become an associate member of the Class of 1914; that if the disinfectant (sheep-dip) used in the school house is as good a germicide as the odor indicates, all germs are a thing of the past; that the girls taking manual training have learned the difference between a hammer and a saw; that the Assembly room floor should take the Keeley cure; that Lois Redding and Sam Brooks occasionally chew gum; that the School Board is thinking of buying electric fans to keep the ice in the radiators from thawing next winter; that Ruth Masters wears hair ribbons; that Augustine Williamson visits school once in a while; that George Hendry, under the instruction of Miss Powell, is learning to keep step to the music from the "Baby Grand;" that Mr. Letts is canvassing for subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal; that the Latin IV class is not crowded; that the patrons and pupils of the A. H. S. have enjoyed the many pleasant social evenings and entertainments in the High School Auditorium during the last term; that Nell Brinkley is much in evidence in the drawing classes; that Edna Spade and Erwin Mast have entered a foot race; that the boys are a luxury in the class of 1915; that Marjorie Kunkle and Mildred Leininger were able to get to school once last winter without masculine assistance; that the new gym on the south side of the school grounds will be completed and ready for use about Oct. 1, 1917; that it is to be dedicated to the untiring efforts and support of the faculty and school board of 1913 and 1914; that a King is more attractive to Beulah Nichols than any other card in the deck; that Russell Bair has a "Capital Idee;" that Prof. Keep is specializing in Outlines; that the German Club is strong for hard cider and Limburger cheese; that the Victrola would be more appreciated if we had less "War Cry" and more rag-time; that members of the school board should have at least one child in the public schools; that the Sophomore girls have a corner on the Freshmen boys; that George Hendry, John Bryan and Virgil Kunderd are personally acquainted with the principal characters of the New Testament; that there have been some rather fresh notes flying between a small Freshy and a certain Junior girl; that there are a few silly girls, even in the Senior class; that the pupils and patrons prefer the old system of grade cards; that the Senior class is weary of being the victims of Prof. Platt's experiments; that

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(Space reserved for news that we could not print.)

STAGE



Although the High School has no literary organization, considerable literary talent has been displayed this year. It was our desire to revive the former custom of giving programs at regular intervals, at the High School, but on account of the special work involved in putting out a Spectator, the plan was abandoned. However, we hope that some form of literary work will find a permanent place in the school curriculum.

The High School gave excellent programs at Thanksgiving and Christmas, which were held in the Assembly room. On February 13th, a patriotic entertainment was given by the High School and Grades, at the Opera House. Two cantatas entitled, "A Meeting of Nations," and "Our Flag," and an operetta entitled, "The Origin of Our Flag," were given. An excellent feature of the program was a flag drill by the students of the Seventh and Eighth grades. The program was under the able supervision of Miss Steva, our director in music, assisted by Gertrude Ingalls at the piano. The proceeds, which were about ninety dollars, will go to the library fund.



MUSIC

SMELDON.

MUSIC

Since the ideals of education have risen to the height that calls for the development of the whole individual, any course of study that ignores or neglects the emotional life of the child, is seriously defective. No one can deny that the emotions do form a large factor in determining the conduct of man; and that unless the emotions are properly directed they become a damaging force in society. It is only when the emotions are centralized into pure sentiments that they become positive forces for good. Music has that power of centralization of emotions about pure sentiments, for which reason it naturally becomes a fundamental part of a course of study.

In the High School the work in Music is fitted to the different stages of advancement of the students. To those who have never pursued a systematic study of music in the grades, an elementary course comprised of the rudiments is planned and required. In addition two other courses are given, one in fundamentals, the other in chorus work. Admission to the chorus work presupposes ability to read music readily. For studying the masterpieces from an interpretative point of view and for developing an appreciation for them, a Victrola has been added to the department.

LITERARY.



The Robbers

By St. Clair VanAuken, '18.

On a bright summer's afternoon in the year of 19—, two boys, Andy and Billy Wildwood, aged sixteen and thirteen respectively, were walking toward their home in Fairview, Mass. The two brothers had been to the town of Centerville to see a large circus which was exhibiting there that day. On account of the small size of Fairview, amusements of this kind never visited it, so when the boys had seen the advertisements in the Centerville paper, and the lurid posters, they decided to see that show at any cost. So on the day of the event, they got up early, and after a hasty breakfast, started on their walk to the town of Centerville, for the Wildwoods did not own a horse. They arrived there in time to see the parade, and in the afternoon they went to see the show. After it was over at five o'clock they started to walk home, and here we will now leave them to take up another part of the story.

Mr. Wildwood, the boys' father, was the cashier in the only bank that Fairview had. At four o'clock he started to walk home as was his custom, stopping at the postoffice to get his mail. He received one letter which he opened and read. The writing, which was disguised, ran thus:

"If you will come to the old log house on the island in the haunted swamp you will learn something that will interest you."

Signed,

"A FRIEND."

Interested and puzzled, he went home, changed his coat, and told his wife that he was going for a walk. Then he walked swiftly to the spot mentioned which was called "the haunted swamp" by the natives because of the murders on this road which ran through a swamp. Mr. Wildwood made his way along a road that was overgrown with grass, on account of its desertion, till he came to an island of solid ground on which stood a vine covered log house. This log house had belonged to a miser who owned the land and who had been murdered and robbed many years before. It was a very dreary and lonely spot, but Mr. Wildwood walked up to the door and knocked.

At that moment a large man jumped from behind a tree and grabbed Mr. Wildwood by the arms. Instantly more men came from the cabin and grabbed him and dragged him into it. "Search him," said a man with a large beard. They did this and in one of his coat pockets, found a note book, which he had forgotten he had. He had not worn the coat since he had obtained his position in the bank. He had then written down the combination to the safe but had forgotten about it.

"Give that here," the man with the beard demanded. He opened it and found on a page the thing which he sought, the combination!

"Here it is!" the man shouted. "It will save us a lot of trouble, to get it so easily," he said.

"What does this mean?" angrily demanded Mr. Wildwood.

"It means," said the man, that we are going to borrow all the money

that the Fairview bank has on hand and without interest."

"Do you mean that you are going to rob the Fairview bank?" said Mr. Wildwood.

"It does, and you are saving us the trouble of blowing off the safe doors by giving us the combination," replied the leader.

Returning to the two boys, we find that in an hour's time they had traveled three miles and were at the forks of the road where the new road branched off from the old haunted road.

"Let us go through the old haunted swamp," said Andy to Billy. "We will save a mile or two if we do," was Billy's reply.

At this they started down the left fork of the road that led through the haunted swamp. This swamp was about one and one-half miles in diameter and the island was about in the center of the swamp. The swamp was a very wet one, water actually covering most of the land so the small plat of dry land was called "the island," by the natives. The road the boys were walking on was a corduroy and the water had, in places, washed most of the dirt off the logs, hence it was very rough traveling. Many times the boys stumbled, because it was now getting dark. They finally began talking about the mystery of the swamp, and Andy said: "They say in the village that people who are here after dark can hear the men that killed the old miser, riding on this road."

"Nonsense," replied Billy, who did not like the subject that his brother had brought up.

Billy's contempt for ghosts was soon to be tested, for as they neared the old log house they heard the sounds of galloping horses. In ordinary life, Andy and Billy were brave enough but when they were concerned with things supernatural they were like the woman who said: "I do not believe in ghosts of course, but I am dreadfully afraid of them." As the sound grew nearer, the boys went behind a neglected hedge to wait.

Returning to Mr. Wildwood: Soon after the robbers had received the combination to the safe, the bearded man went over to an old washstand and did something to his beard. He then turned around, with the beard in his hand and as his face came into the circle of light, Mr. Wildwood gave a cry that brought all the gang to their feet.

"Jim!" he cried in tone of voice that was sad yet joyous.

"I see that you recognize me," he said with a smile.

To make this part of the story clearer, we will tell of Mr. Wildwood's early life. This man that he called Jim was a twin brother of his. They were born and reared in Maine till they reached the age of sixteen. Then Jim, who was an adventure-loving boy, was expelled from school. Their father, who was a Puritan in religion and manner, at this seeming disgrace, drove the boy from home. As his home town was an Atlantic seaport, Jim shipped on a vessel bound for the West Indies. After this his brother heard no more of him until the Spanish-American war. Among the list of dead in an important battle was the name of James Wildwood, so the family gave him up until the moment he revealed himself to his brother.

As Mr. Wildwood had been released on his promise not to try to escape,

he arose and embraced his brother with true affection. "I thought you were killed in the battle of ———," he said.

"I was only wounded, but as the reports were often mixed, I was put down for dead," he said. "I suppose the family mourned me for dead, but I don't suppose that father wasted many tears over me," he said with a touch of his boyish manner.

In a few minutes Mr. Wildwood spoke again. "This is certainly too bad. As soon as you rob the bank and set me free, I shall have to give evidence that will convict you."

"Not so, my dear brother; as soon as we rob the Fairview bank we are all going to take a ride to Canada, and you are going with us and have a share of the loot."

"But think of my family, my reputation, and my disgrace," said Mr. Wildwood.

"Too bad, too bad; but it is the decree of fate," grimly returned his brother.

Then Jim sent the men after the horses, and it was their return that the boys heard.

From their hiding place the boys saw a man come from the cabin with a lantern in his hand. In unison the boys gasped, "Father," for the man with the lantern in his hand was surely their father, but why he was there was more than the boys could imagine. Speaking to one of the men, he said something in a language the boys had never heard.

"Negro et blanco," the man replied. (The Spanish for black and white, which was the color of the horse that Mr. Wildwood was to ride.) "All right, we go at twelve," the man with the lantern said.

"I did not know that father could speak any foreign language except his school German," said Andy.

"What he can be doing here with this gang gets me," replied Billy.

As soon as the men had gone into the cabin, the boys crawled out from their hiding place and started to run home.

When they reached there they were met by their mother who anxiously asked them about their father. Then they told her all that they had seen.

"Never," she said. "He would never desert his family and stoop to associate with such men."

"It is very mysterious," said Andy. "Father never had any relatives that looked like him that I know of."

"That is true," his mother replied.

Although the boys tried hard to get their mother to go to bed, she insisted on staying up through the night. After the day's fun and their long walk, the boys were very tired, so they retired for the night.

At the log cabin, Mr. Wildwood pleaded long and earnestly with his brother to abandon the robbery, but to no avail. At twelve o'clock after a simple lunch, the men tied Mr. Wildwood to a couch and rode off. He tried to remove the cords but to no purpose.

After a time, that seemed hours to him, the robbers returned and hastily untied him. They made him walk out of the cabin to a horse upon which

they tied him, and then they all rode off. They took many side roads to keep from going through the towns, and after several hours riding, Jim said that they had crossed the state line over into New Hampshire.

As the eastern sky began to be tinged with gray, they turned into a large woods, and after riding into it for some distance they made a camp. They then tied Mr. Wildwood securely, fed their horses and went to sleep.

The next morning in Fairview, the boys arose early and went to the log house but found no sign of their father. When they returned home the whole town was talking about the bank robbery. The boys went to the bank president, who was a kind man and a great friend of Mr. Wildwood, and told their story in a straightforward manner. The banker told them it seemed impossible that their father would do a thing like that and that he might be the victim of a plot.

There was a great hue and cry about the robbery; detectives were summoned and a description of the men the boys had seen, was printed and sent all over the New England states. The enemies of the family, of course, sneered at the idea that Mr. Wildwood was not the robber chief, but their friends were all very sorry and shook their heads.

One friend of the family offered help in a very substantial way. His name was Joe Lockwood, a very clever man and a hunter. He told the boys that the robbers would probably go to Canada and by going on the only road that ran north they would stand some chance of finding them. The boys went to the kind banker and told him of Joe's plan, and he thought that it was reasonable and offered to furnish help for the trip.

About dark the men in the camp arose and cooked a meal. For the first time Jim had a chance to look at the booty. He found several packages of bills of large denomination and many small ones. In two sacks were coins, the whole amounting to about \$18,000.

"Not as big a haul as we had in ———, Ohio," said one of the men.

"No, but it will last you until you can get back to New York," was Jim's reply. "As for me I am going to set up in business and reform," he said.

Then as evening came on, they all got on their horses and moved northward, on to Canada.

In the afternoon of the day the robbery had been discovered, the boys, Joe, the constable of Fairview, and a detective drove out of Fairview in the banker's automobile. About four o'clock they reached the little town of ———, New Hampshire. Here they stopped for Joe said that the robbers would keep under cover in the day time.

As they were going into the small general store to get some crackers and cheese for their lunch they heard one of the men, who are always hanging around a store, say to a friend: "Something funny happened down our way last night. One of my horses took sick and as I was going to the barn with some medicine I heard some horses trotting, and after I waited a minute I saw six men riding horseback, go lickety-split past our place. The funny part of it is why six men were riding on that lonely road after two o'clock at night."

"Yep, it is funny," said another, "don't look good to me."

The party all stopped and listened to this with great interest. Then the detective spoke to the man: "Say, do you know that the Fairview bank was robbed last night?"

This brought all the loungers to their feet. "What!" they all said in chorus. "Like as not it was them that I saw last night," said the man.

"Likely it was," replied the detective. "There's a reward of five hundred dollars out for the capture of the gang. We were wondering if we could get any help to capture them, if need be."

"I will for one," shouted the man who had first spoken.

"I will, too," yelled the other man.

"Have you two any firearms?" inquired the detective.

They both answered in the affirmative, and other arrangements were made.

As soon as it was dark, the robbers and Mr. Wildwood rode off. His horse was led by a strap which another man held. They would have gone many miles farther on that night if one of the horses had not become lame, and of course, the party had to stop to examine the horse's foot. It was found that one of its shoes had become loose and a small stone had lodged under the shoe. Some time was lost in trying to dislodge the stone and fix the shoe, during which Jim smoked a cigar, fumed and swore at the luck that compelled the loss of so much time. After considerable toil, the horse's foot was in a condition to travel, and the party rode off.

Our pursuing party, which now numbered seven, got into the automobile, and as evening grew near, rode off at high speed. After they had passed the house in which the man who had seen the robbers, lived, they came to a crossroads. Joe got out of the automobile and looked at the dust in the road. "They took the right fork, because I can see the horses' tracks in the dust," was his comment.

Then they lighted one of their lamps and rode on. As they were speeding along, Joe yelled, "Whoa, quick!" and the detective stopped the machine with a lurch. Joe jumped out and ran to the front of the machine and with the aid of a flashlight examined the road with great interest. "I guess we won't have to go much farther," he said.

"Why not?" inquired the party.

"Because," said Joe, "I can see that they had to stop and fix a horse-shoe. It must have taken some time, because some one smoked a cigar and left the ashes scattered around."

"Quite a Sherlock Holmes," said the detective with a laugh.

"I ain't trapped and hunted twenty years for nothin'," replied the clever old hunter. "And say, we had better put out that lamp because you can see it a mile and those fellows ain't goin' to stand still and let us ride right up to them," he continued.

"A wise statement," said the detective with a smile. "You certainly missed your calling."

Following Joe's advice, they extinguished the lamp and started on, slowly at first for fear of striking something in the dark. After a time they

became accustomed to the darkness, and put on more speed, when Joe, who sat on the front seat beside the driver, suddenly told him to slow down.

"What is it?" inquired the detective.

"I think I heard horses," replied old Joe.

The detective stopped the machine and listened. "Sure enough," he said, "I can hear them, too."

Then our party "sat up and took notice," for they could hear, instead of retreating sounds, sounds that came nearer. The explanation for this was that the escaping party started in such haste after the adventure with the horse that Jim had lost one of the money bags which was contained in a large leather bag tied to his saddle. The flap on the bag had been unfastened by the movements of the horse and one bag of bills was lost. "We will not go any farther till we get that bag back if we never get to Canada," he said. "That top bag had \$2,000 in it," he continued, so the party went back toward the spot where it had been lost.

"We will have to get this auto out of sight before they come," said Andy.

As the country through which they were passing was not very well farmed, there were not many fences along the road. It was an easy thing to back the automobile into the woods which lined the road. They all got out of the machine and taking their firearms, separated. The farmer, Joe and Andy went to the opposite side of the road, and the detective, the other farmer and Billy stayed on the side of the road that the machine was on. The constable went out into the middle of the road with a flashlight and a revolver. The detective also had a flashlight and a revolver; the rest of the men had rifles.

They did not have to wait long because Jim and his party were riding fast. As they approached, the constable uttered a shrill whistle. "What's that?" yelled Jim. Only one in his party knew what it was. He had on another occasion been on a hunting expedition and had heard the constable whistle, the same as this time.

The horses moved a few steps farther on and then the pursuing party all yelled, "Hands up!" as loudly as they could, and the flashlights were thrown on the horsemen. The woods magnified the sound many times and Jim's party thought there were seventy men instead of seven commanding them to throw up their hands.

As the flashlights were not thrown on until the party surrendered, the robbers saw their mistake too late to rectify it. After handcuffing the gang, the detective took them in the auto to Centerville. Here they were sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

Jim got out in four years as the result of good behavior. The horses were sold and the money given to Jim when he was free. He went West, homesteaded a claim and now owns the land.

Soon after the adventure, Mr. Wildwood was appointed president of the bank. The boys are still living and working in Fairview, and here we will leave them in their prosperity.

The Pioneer Schools of Angola

By A. W. LONG

The real wealth of Angola does not consist entirely in the railroads centering here—in the number of pounds of beef, pork and poultry shipped to eastern markets; in her great department stores, filled with every thing that heart could wish or money buy; nor in the miles of paved streets lined with magnificent buildings—but rather in the intelligence of her citizens and in the general diffusion of useful knowledge. In the latter things, Angola is rich indeed!

“For can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well spent hour.
These—when the trembling spirit takes its flight—
Pour round its path a stream of living light.”

With uncovered head I go back in memory to the sturdy pioneers of Angola, to whose early struggles and devotion to the cause of education we owe the privileges we now enjoy—to the devoted men and women who fairly worked their finger nails off, in order to secure to their children the discipline of mind which they had, in many cases, been deprived of by force of circumstances. All honor to those heroic pioneers who made these things possible to the present generation. From the schools which their patient foresight established have gone forth into the world about us, men and women, so well trained and disciplined that they have become well known state wide, nation wide and even world wide! So inadequate were the public funds to equip the needed schools that the pioneers eagerly subscribed and paid for private or “select” schools as they were generally called, located in various public or private buildings, viz: the Eagle hotel; in the “Buck-eye” building where the Work block now stands; in the Darrah home on West Maumee street; in the house where Will Elston now lives; in a house on the Felah Parish lot, and in the old Ben Brown building on the north side of the public square where now stands the Williamson Hardware store.

The first public school building was a typical log structure on the spot where the Joseph Sowle residence now stands, erected in 1840. But the public school building of that time, around which most memories cluster—which so many of the aged people of Angola kindly remember as their only “Alma Mater”—was a frame structure built about 1853, on the top of the hill which has since been graded down and carted away to accommodate the building used by the Angola Wood Manufacturing Co., and other structures, northwest of the public square. In the foregoing public and private schools, the boys and girls of the period were educated. Here taught with more or less patience and varying success, Miss Lucy Jackson, Miss Hendry, (a sister of A. W. Hendry,) Miss McKinstre, Miss Faxton, the Misses Maria, Sophia and Cynthia Kitridge, Miss Spaulding, Mrs. Asa Tinker, Miss Felah Parish, Miss Carl, Miss Woodworth, Mr. Blake, Mr. Eagles, Fredrick Newbauer, Johnathan Dudley, Lyman Heath, (afterward County Auditor,)

Addison Blass, Benjamin Saylor, J. Wesley Thomas, James Scoville and others whose names and services have been forgotten. In this little, old, weather-beaten and boy-battered "school house on the hill" was born our splendid graded system of schools! The building fronted to the southward, and at the north end an addition was built in 1860 to accommodate the little "lots" of the first "Primary Department" of the Angola schools. J. Wesley Thomas was teaching the "High school," and Miss Cynthia Kitridge the Primary when the building burned in February, 1864. Evans Mathews, sent out after wood to replenish the big box stove, discovered that the roof was on fire and gave the alarm. Those boys and girls had never been taught a "Fire Drill." They simply "got out" through windows and doors and no one was hurt. Miss May Weicht, a child of five years, forgot, in her haste, a dear little red woolen bonnet and when the building was about ready to collapse, dashed back into the flames and rescued it. No "Siren" shrieked its "wild alarm" and no magnificent fire brigade would have responded if it had, but the whole town turned out with brimming pails of water and valiently guarded the Bob Squiers livery barn across the street.

And now I come to (for me) the pleasant part of this sketch—the visits I have enjoyed with, and the stories told me by, the "boys and girls" of that period. Most of those fun loving boys are now found in the ranks of our "old soldier boys," the heroes of many a bloody battle for the Union. A few of the girls still live as the aged mothers of a rapidly growing city. All forget, for a moment, the roar of battle and the sorrows and trials of life and with kindly faces wreathed in smiles or chuckling with the joy of memory they recount to me the "good times" they had in those pioneer schools of Angola. Most of the incidents related to me were luminous and pleasant in character, but some, alas! were tragic, for some of those pioneer teachers evidently believed with "Bill Jones" of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," that "Lickin' and Larnin' go together." One of these teachers, forewarned concerning the husky bad boys of the school, was seen approaching the school house on the morning of the first session of a certain term with a bundle of whips under one arm and a few books under the other. "Mister," inquired a philosophic resident of the neighborhood, "do ye 'low to tote them gads into that school?" "Certainly," responded the teacher, "and I shall use them, too, if necessary." "Wall, stranger, ye'll last about as long as a snow ball in H——! I know them boys and gals," the old resident replied. The prediction was verified. That bundle of whips became a standing challenge to the boys of the school and were soon worn out. Then a large rawhide took their place, coiled up like a snake on the teacher's desk when not in action. During the afternoon recess of the first day of its appearance it was stolen. And by a girl pupil! Then the teacher delivered a stern ultimatum. "Every pupil in the school will receive a whipping, on general principles, unless the culprit is exposed or the whip returned by tomorrow morning!" It was returned within the time limit, but was cut into pieces one inch in length by James Carpenter and Oscar Carver. Then war began at once, and the big boys, led by Dell Day, drove the teacher from the room, but he locked the door from the outside and went after help, determined to con-

quer or die. At Ed Freygang's suggestion the imprisoned pupils threw up or broke out the windows and fled to the protection of "Home and Mother." When the irate teacher returned with his "posse" there was no one left to lick. George Young was easily his mother's favorite boy, and while a muscular teacher was giving George a severe "scutching" for some misdemeanor, James Weaver sprang out of an open window and notified Mrs. Young. It took her but a moment to reach the school house and snatching the whip from the teacher's hand she laid it about his legs in a way that indicated both faith and practice. Another teacher with more muscle than sense, becoming incensed at some mischievous act of fat, rosy-cheeked, good natured Ed Fitch, caught the lad up in his brawny arms and threw him up to the ceiling of the room several times, allowing him to fall sprawling to the floor each time, bruising the boy badly. But the father of the boy, one of the most powerful men in town, rolled up his sleeves and left his work long enough to prove himself also an adept in the new game of "pitch and toss" to the complete discomfiture of the schoolmaster! Orville Carver, the first mayor of Angola, naively confesses to a severe application of the ruler to Geo. Orton, Carl Gale and himself by teacher Addison Blass, because of imperfect lessons, and Heman Carpenter is still chuckling about a pocketful of hollow reeds gathered down northeast of the square near the flowing springs, fifty years ago, and distributed among the pupils of James Scoville. Then, when the teacher's attention was drawn elsewhere, with unerring aim and a quick impulse of breath through these improvised air guns, the teacher received a "spat" of still warm and moist paperwad on some part of his face. The best marksmen could hit the side of his nose. Happy, rollicking, care free, fun loving boys and girls, God bless them, for there could be no school without them, and the only reason that we have better boys and girls now in our public schools, lies in the fact that teachers are learning how to appeal to the better natures of the lads and lassies in their charge and thereby win the respect and affection of their pupils. In the year 1862, George W. McConnell, A. W. Hendry and Thos. B. Morse—three of the most public-spirited men that Angola has ever known—secured the services of John W. Cowen, a graduate of Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania, and Miss Mary A. Cooley, graduate of Oberlin College, and organized a school in the old "Bee Hive" building which stood on the spot where now we have the Hendry Hotel, and called it the "Union Seminary." From this point on there has been a steady advance in the excellence of our public schools, and they will now compare very favorably—teachers, pupils, buildings and equipment—with any in the state.



A Surprise

EBER JEFFERY, '14

"Well, Chuck, I enjoy this sort of life and I don't suppose I will change my manner for some little time. But say, by the way, Old Man, we've both stuck right here in town, drudging away all summer, and I propose that we seek some little diversion before we become a pair of physical wrecks and have to be shipped to the mountains to spend the winter in a freeze-out shack."

"I rather approve of your suggestion, although I have no apprehension of becoming an invalid inside of the next few weeks."

This conversation took place between two young men walking along a main thoroughfare of Chicago, one day late in the summer of 1906. The previous conversation had been a discussion as to whether or not the young man, who speaks first in the story, should turn away from the sordid pleasures afforded him by a life of moderate dissipation. This young man, known to his friends as Cap, was Casper Sebright, a University graduate of the class of '04. He was now the head office man of a large wholesale firm, and for his services received a very good salary which was spent very largely for unseemly amusements and clothes. Often he was tempted to spend his time at the roulette wheels of the city's gambling resorts, or stake his all on a favorite at the races. But usually he had just enough sense to withstand these temptations. He appeared to be a very attractive young man.

The other man, Gordon Young, by name, but familiarly known as "Chuck," was inclined to be slightly more conservative than his friend, although he was just as enthusiastic a lover of good sport. He also held a lucrative position as a department superintendent in a large manufacturing establishment.

"I have an idea," exclaimed Cap as the conversation continued. "I've got a good friend who is out West now who is the best dopester on the scrap game or base ball in the country. His tips and inside dope never fail. I propose that we go to Goldfield next week and accept the 'kid's' judgment as gospel and accordingly place most of our surplus cash on the big scrap."

"Now, see here Cap, you know I never was much of a hand at the betting game, and it's too late to start in now ———."

"Better late than never," interrupted Sebright.

"But you know that I always was the unluckiest chap alive."

"That kind of luck is impossible in this case because the Kid is right on the ground at the training quarters every day and is able to form unerring conclusions as to the condition of both men. We can rely with absolute certainty upon what he tells us. Now don't say, 'where is the money coming from?' because I know what an old miser you are; and I'm just lucky enough to have received last week a hunk of cash for insurance on a little place in the country for which Dad gave me the deed when I was a kid. A

short time ago a couple of toughs did me a favor by setting fire to it."

In the face of these convincing arguments it was decided that these two men should spend their vacation on a trip to Goldfield, Nevada, to see Joe Gans defend his lightweight title against the onslaught of Battling Nelson. They were to arrive in Goldfield on the day of the big battle.

* * * * *

"There he is now! Come here, Spike, and meet my friend, known in the higher circles by a more stately title, but to us as 'Chuck.' Chuck this is the 'Kid.' Now out with the dope, Spike, and we'll go to the nearest pool room and place all we have but the admission fee, on the man you name."

The person whom Cap thus addressed as Spike was a small, well-dressed, sporty-looking man. He appeared to be younger than he was. His face was rather boyish and the big, blue eyes had a rather innocent look. From under his cap showed a mass of wavy brown hair. In general his appearance was not that of the usual ringside or race track "swipe."

"Boys," he replied, "I don't like to say it, but you have got to bet on the colored man if you want to win. I've watched him a long time and he's got a defense that the 'boring in' tactics of the Dane can never batter down. Besides, the man doesn't live that can stand up long against that terrible jaw-breakin' wallop or kidney punch of his."

* * * * *

A rather discouraged trio of young men sat at the ringside at the close of the twenty-sixth round. Time and again the clever negro had landed that famous jaw-breaker, but the Durable Dane always came back the aggressor. Gans had abandoned his wonderful defense and was slugging it out with the Battler. This disheartened the Chicago men, for it was well known throughout sporting circles that no man could last long in a slug-ging match with the Hegewisch lad. At last, after hours of fierce fighting, in that far-famed forty-second round, Nelson landed just below the belt a terrific body punch and the negro sank slowly to the mat. The gallant little Battler hung his head and crawled slowly through the ropes, a loser on a foul.

The next morning on an east-bound train, Cap said to his friend: "Well, cheer up, old man; you've seen a great fight and won a little money. We've not been to a funeral."

"Cap, I was just thinking what we are doing. The way we spend our time and money renders us of no use. We don't amount to anything and —"

"Well, now," retorted Cap, "don't moralize. We may be in need of a sermon but I don't believe you're in condition to deliver it."

"I'm not going to preach but I am going to tell you how we can pull off a deal and go into business with success just running after us."

The subject of money interested young Sebright, and he began to listen attentively.

"But," continued Gordon, "it can never catch us if we keep chasing cigarettes, booze and the fighting game. We hardly realize without thought on the matter that we should be of value to the world, but surely there is

something better in us than continuous association with booze—fighters, gamblers and the class of people that usually attend such events as we have just witnessed. You say, 'Oh, they are all good fellows,' but how would you like to take one of these associates, such as this Spike, home with you to your sister's party and have him accompany her regularly to the ball room or the theatre?"

Oh! So it's Irene that you're worrying about. I thought you must have a lady on your mind. Well, I'll admit, Gord, that I wouldn't feel exactly happy if that little girl were in the parlor with the Kid. No, Chuck, I guess he's not exactly our kind and I guess he probably won't ruin your chances with Irene, and yet ——."

"No," said a voice from behind, "I'm not your kind, but what I have to say I tell a fellow to his face." Spike stepped in front of the two astonished young men, anger and emotion showing on his usually expressionless face. "Fellows, I was going to get sore," he said hesitatingly, "but I guess you're right. I suppose I ain't exactly your kind. But I once had a father and mother, a sister and a start towards an education. But father and I had a disagreement about the class of social affairs I attended. We quarreled; I left home and have never returned. The first job I had was helping the ground keeper over at the West Side ball park. I became pretty well posted on the game, seeing both games and practice, and I also got a pretty good line on all of the players. I was then able to pick up a little change by betting and advising others how to bet. Using my knowledge of players and a little judgment, things usually came my way. There came to be many sporting men among my friends. In fact it was not long until most of my associates were of this class. Through their influence I became interested in the fight game that fall. I followed this pretty closely and soon began to make a little money in the same way I did at the ball park. Again, through the influence of friends, I became an ardent follower of the racing game. You see I've secured my money always by gambling. But, boys, I'm done. All you won yesterday and all I won was won on a fluke. The little Dane had the colored gent out-fought and put him away with that last punch, which was misjudged and landed a trifle low. I've had my luck go against me and lose for me, but to win on a fluke is a bad sign. It shows poor judgment. As you say, I can't go among respectable people of a higher class and hold up my head because of my profession if my occupation may be known by that term. I reckon I'll try to make different use of the money I have now. I believe I can do something else." The Kid arose and left the two young men alone again.

"That Spike," said Sebright, "will make something of himself yet. A man that's got the stuff in him to succeed as a gambler, can succeed in honorable business if he applies himself. I tell you that Kid has ability. I wish I knew his name. I don't suppose he knows mine, though. But you watch and some time you'll hear of him again."

Chuck laughed and said: "There's just about one in ten thousand of those fellows that ever reforms."

"Well, then, Spike is just that one of the ten thousand, for when he

says he'll do a thing, he will do it. But how about that plan of yours for making money?"

"I figure just this way, Cap. If I could get into some substantial business for myself I could perhaps make a little more money and possibly if I were not where that pretty sister of yours saw me so often she would think of me in a more serious light. Now I know of a first-class hardware in a small down-state town that can be bought right. There is already a good business there and you know that the public patronizes young people in preference to the old timers, if the management is good. People here will say we're too young for business, but I don't see how we will improve our business abilities by sticking around here and blowing our salaries for a few more years."

"If you're sure that this is a good thing and money in it, I'm on. I'd like to show the old folks I've got some ambition, anyway."

"Good thing!" exclaimed Gordon. "Why it's just like getting money from home ———"

"When they don't send it," Cap added. "But I guess the money might as well go into the hardware as into the tailors' and saloon-keepers' pockets."

* * * * *

Four years had passed. The two young men had prospered in the hardware business, which had been enlarged and improved since it became the firm of Young & Sebright. Although Gordon had failed to make his desired serious impression upon Miss Sebright, he was still an intimate friend of the family. A steady correspondence was carried on between Young and Sebright and the family in Chicago.

One afternoon in June, 1910, Casper said to his partner, "Chuck, I received a letter from my mother this morning and she has news for us. Irene is to be married next Wednesday ———."

"We", I can't help it," interrupted Gordon, soberly.

Cap laughed and continued: "It's to be a quiet little wedding at our home; but according to the import of the letter an event to which we are absolutely essential. Something indefinite but terrible will happen to me if I do not bring you home with me next Tuesday night."

Young thought it was not a good plan for both of them to leave the business at one time; but after some urging he said: "Rather than lose my partner or have him permanently disabled, I suppose I had better go, but it's mighty poor business policy. By the way, who's to be the bridegroom?"

"O, the same fellow she's been corresponding with for the last year. He's the new partner to the Coombs & Kilrain Company, wholesalers of heavy hardware, of whom we buy all of our iron and steel. The last time I was up to the city, 'George' was the only subject of Irene's conversation. I wanted to meet him but my train left before he could possibly get around. Probably he's a young 'swell' whose 'papa' has bought and runs for him a share in a business while he loafs at the club or takes exercise in the park." This was spoken in the usual attitude of brothers who, when it comes to marriage, think that no fellow in the world is good enough for their respective sisters.

When Gordon and his friend arrived in the city Tuesday night, Casper said: "Mother told me Kilrain's address. Let's look him up, approach him from a business standpoint and find out what sort of a chap he is."

"All right," Chuck answered, "I should like to see him before tomorrow anyway."

Kilrain's address was found at a small but respectable hotel. As the two men entered the office a familiar face caught Cap's eye and he rushed across the room and shook hands with a rather young looking man with big blue eyes and brown wavy hair.

"Well, how's the Old Timer anyway?" exclaimed Chuck as he also came up.

"Doing fine," answered the young man, "but perhaps changed a little along the line of business since we last met."

"Now, see here Spike, you don't mean to hand it to us that you've gone to work?" said Cap.

"Yes, fellows, I'll have to admit it. I'm actually in business; that is I'm in partnership with a fellow in a small wholesale house."

"Why don't you give us your card and we'll drop in tomorrow and have a little talk," said Chuck.

"Well, the truth is, boys, I have a little engagement outside of business that will require most of my time tomorrow, but here's our business card. Drop in some other time."

Cap read with bewildering astonishment:

COOMBS & KILRAIN,
Wholesalers of Heavy Hardware,
——— St., Chicago.

THE A. H. S. AS A SOCIAL CENTER

Progressive communities are opening their school houses for social activities, thus giving parents and pupils of all classes an opportunity to meet on a common level. It has proved so successful in both city and country that it might be well worth trying in Angola. The school building belongs to the people who are taxed for its maintenance. Why are they not entitled to use it for other than school purposes?

The past year school has been held for one hundred eighty days of six hours each, and the remaining one hundred eighty-five days of the three hundred sixty-five it has been idle. Why not open the door evenings and provide a profitable and pleasant entertainment for young and old? Why not make the school house, under the direction of chaperons, more attractive than the streets? Why not make it a social center that will be as popular as the pool rooms and bowling alley? Why not give the boys and girls of Angola what a little boy in Rochester calls "a party in the school house where you can get something for nothing?" "Where there is a will, there is a way." Organize, then ways and means may be devised to make at small cost the Angola High School a delightful social center.

One cold morning early in March, all was quiet and peaceful in the Assembly room. Every one was in deep thought over lessons, and even the notes had ceased to buzz around.

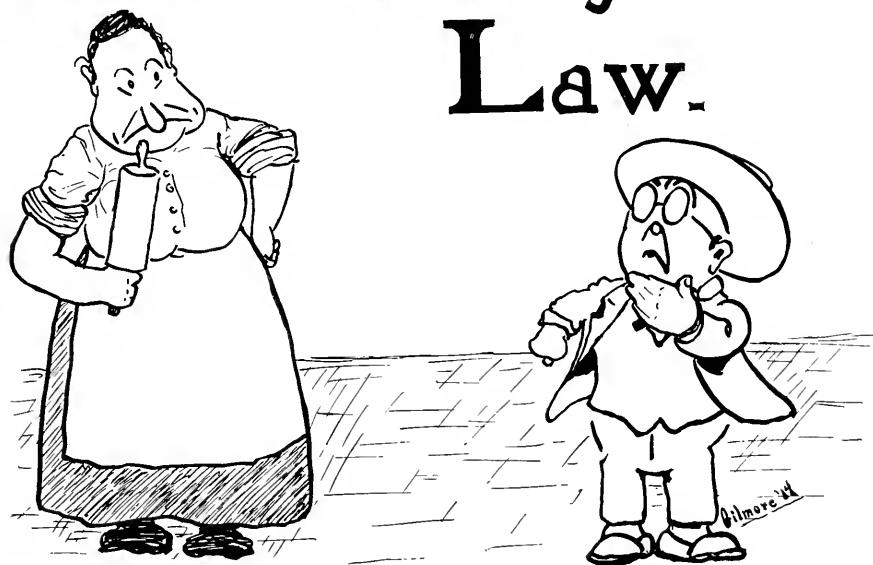
A faint stir was heard in the lower caverns, then a door-slam, followed by some one rushing up the creaking stairs. Like a flash the form of a woman appeared. Our blood curdled as she shouted: "Help! A man! A man! Oh do find me a man! Quick, I must have him!"

Well, as usual, "it pays to advertise," and now it is Mrs. Prough.

H. J. Jacobs, Police

All of the illustrations appearing in this edition of the Spectator, are the work of students now in the A. H. S., with exception of the Alumni drawing, which was kindly contributed by Miss Martha Pollock. The other artists were Floy Hammond, Donald Sheldon, Blanche Coy, Harry Gilmore, Agness Pollock, Ralph Elston, Arline Goodwin, Paul Coy, Jeanette Pollock, Lois Redding, Ellen Moss, Maud Harmon, Bernice Ramsay, Bess Coleman, Marjorie Kunkle and Laura Brunson.

Parliamentary Law.



In November, 1911, there was organized a Parliamentary Law class by Mr. Letts. This class has now been in the school for a period of four years and has proven to be one of the most popular and profitable classes.

The work is outlined as follows: The first part of the year is given over to a thorough study of the text, while the last part of the year is devoted to practice work.

The workings of the State and National legislatures are also studied. Two lectures are also given by the instructor, explaining the methods of the English Parliament. All class officers are required to either be in this class or to have had the work. One-half of a credit is given upon a successful completion of the course.

SOCIETY



This year more than any previous year has been one of unusual social pleasure for the whole High School. The Seniors have enjoyed more parties than any other class, although the Sophomores have proved that they have a vague idea of how to enjoy themselves, and the Freshmen have been striving manfully to keep up the record. The Juniors, however, have almost given up hope on account of lack of sufficient members of the sterner sex.

The Freshmen, usually very shy, this year have discarded a considerable amount of their bashfulness and have entered society to a limited extent. Although they have had but one social function, which was a sleighing party to the home of Robert Cole, we hope they have had enough enjoyment to make their first year in H. S. one never to be forgotten.

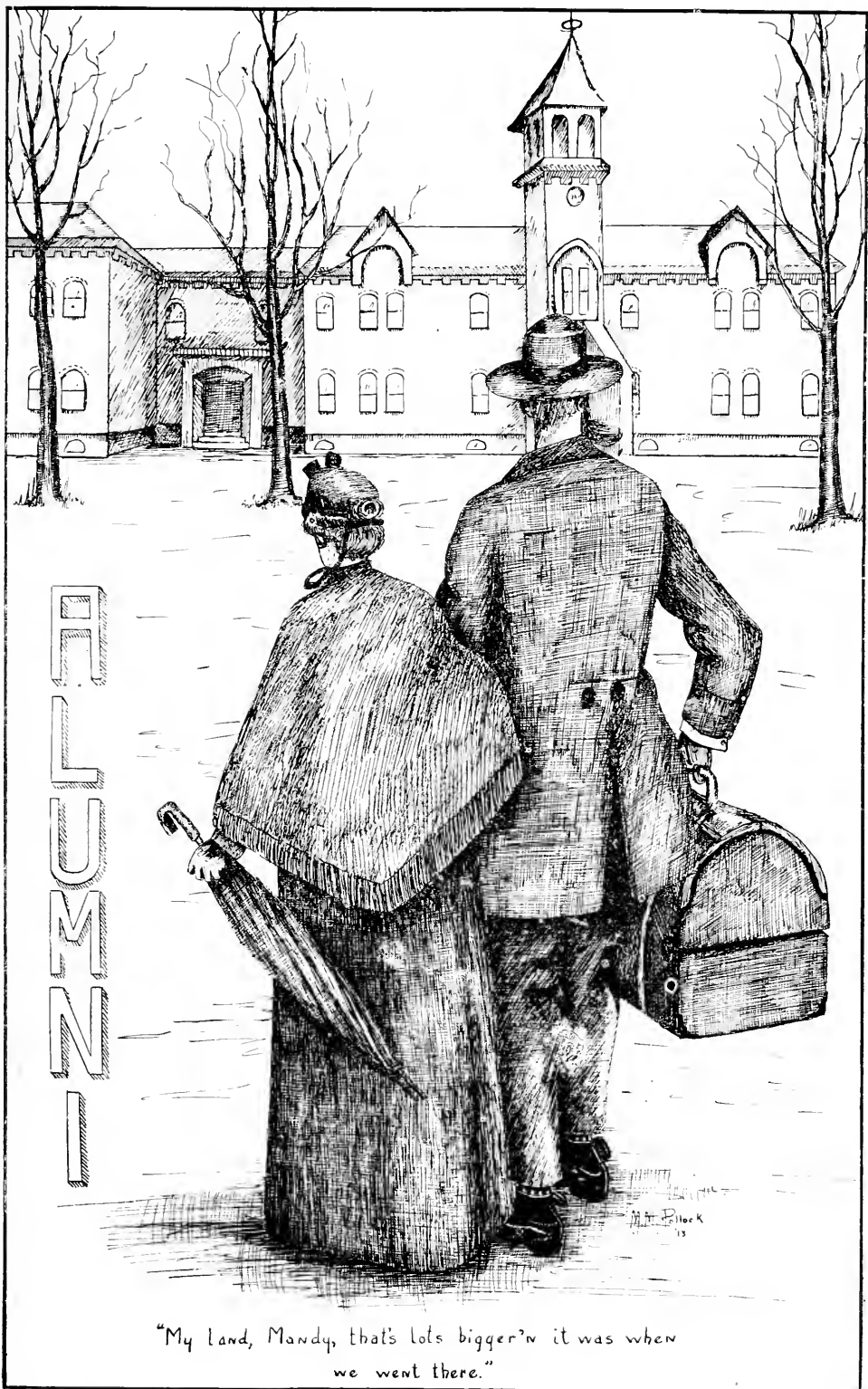
The Sophomores, however, have proved themselves one of our prominent society classes. Late in the fall, Gertrude Ingalls entertained at a bonfire party. Later on, Fern Cole was a charming hostess to the class at a farewell party for their classmate, Weir Morse, who left for Oklahoma to be gone indefinitely. Hallowe'en was duly celebrated by the Sophs and a few invited friends, when Jeanette Pollock and Lois Redding entertained at a masquerade party at the latter's home. The class, not ready to give up their good time for a while, planned a neat surprise on their friend, Mildred Hanselman, at the invitation of her mother. Everyone will remember that evening as one of great enjoyment.

The Juniors have been in school long enough to know how much social functions add to their daily life, but on account of having only three boys in the class, they have had but one party which was at the home of Mrs. John Castell. We are in hope that next year a reinforcement of the masculine gender will enter the class and spare them the sorrow of going through their last year of High School without any social life to make it more pleasant.

The Seniors seem to realize how much pleasure a class can get out of school life when it does not stop at bad weather and poor sleighing. Early in the fall, the class enjoyed a straw ride to the country home of Helen Rummel. During the winter they had nothing much but sleighing parties. Rose Kohl was a delightful hostess to the class at her home in the country. We are uncertain whether it was the long distance or the good time which made them get home so late (or early). The class with a few invited friends also enjoyed a sleigh ride to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith's, near Ashley. This ride will not be forgotten for two reasons: the grand time, and the tipping over of the bob when they came home. It was several minutes before the members of the crowd could be located and replaced in the bob. Lloyd Wilson was a pleasing host, also, to the class one night during sleighing time, at his country home near Flint. On this occasion, Prof. and Mrs. George Letts were invited as chaperons. On March 17, the Senior girls proved themselves delightful hostesses to the Senior boys at a Progressive St. Patrick's party, which began at the home of Agness Pollock and ended in an enjoyable finale at the home of Zema Crampton.

There has been a great number of inter-class parties, at the homes of different individuals, along with the many distinct class functions. On the whole the High School has not lacked social pleasure, and we hope that the same good spirit may prevail throughout the coming years.

RUTH MILLER



"My land, Mandy, that's lots bigger'n it was when
we went there."

ALUMNI

1877

*Keep, H. H. Teacher Angola, Ind.

1878

Andrews, Frank Captain U. S. Navy

1879

*Dickinson, Mate Carleton Jackson, Mich.

1880

Avery, Seth Wire Fence Agent... Pleasant Lake, Ind.

*Mitchell, Della Chadwick Dead

Snyder, W. W. Dead

1881

*Chadwick, Will C. Insurance Agent Detroit, Mich.

*Marnden, Ruth Coe Kansas City, Kans.

*Perigo, Ella LaDue Chicago, Ills.

1882

*Bigler, B. B. Minister St. Augustine, Florida

*Braman, Jennie Sams Angola, Ind.

*Carpenter, Luna Dawson Elwood, Ind.

Chadwick, C. Allie Dentist Angola, Ind.

*Gilbert, Della Gale Dead

*Kinney, Ethel Williams Dead

*Kinney, Freeman Book-keeper Frederickstown, Mo.

*Gale, Waldo Dead

*Daum, Nora Leas Angola, Ind.

*Mitchell, Ella Freeman Angola, Ind.

*Patterson, Leona Weaver Angola, Ind.

Snyder, Mary Dead

McConnell, Thomas Census Office Washington, D. C.

1883

*Boozer, Ella Leas Saleslady Angola, Ind.

*Brewer, Ida Weaver Dead

Cole, Nettie Dead

*Dodge, Lizzie Cline Angola, Ind.

Eberly, Victor Miner Lead, S. Dakota

*Eberly, Willis R. R. Postal Clerk..... Waterloo, Ind.

*Lehman, Ethie Burlingame Teacher Edwards, Miss.

Owen, Bell Dead

*Sholtz, Louis Traveling Salesman..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.

*Sheldon, Lizzie McConnell Angola, Ind.

*Wells, Hattie Morrow Angola, Ind.

*Willet, Rose Weicht Bryan, Ohio

*Freligh, Nettie Fast Angola, Ind.

1885

Boon, Minnie Dead

Chilson, Frank Dead

*Crain, Z. A. Banker Redfield, S. Dak.

*Mann, Edessa Johnson St. Louis, Mo.

*Miller, Etta Leas Dead

1886

Beil, Frank Dead

*Bollinger, Dora Plaster Angola, Ind.

*Boon, Acquilla R. R. Engineer..... Chicago, Ill.

Ettinger, Zoe Dead

*Lewis, Emily Kinney Cincinnati, Ohio

*Lewis, Grant K. Minister Cincinnati, Ohio

*Moody,, Alice Sowle Fremont, Ind.
 Weiss, John Dead
 *Welch, Ada Phelps Toledo, Ohio
 *Gurtner, Emma Welch Pharmacist Toledo, Ohio

1887

Brown, Grace Teacher Lansing, Mich.
 *Crain, L. D. Professor Fort Collins, Colo.
 *Emerson, Ina Craig Angola, Ind.
 Finch, Carrie Columbus, Ohio
 *Humphreys, Frank Physician Angola, Ind.
 *Robinson, Alta Everhart Chicago, Ill.
 *Wickwire, Josie Barnes Angola, Ind.
 *Wyandt, Mattie Purinton Bryan, Ohio

1888

*Bates, Georgia Kinney Hiram, Ohio
 *Brockway, Inez Button Camden, Mich.
 Crandall, Emma Teacher Radway, N. J.
 *Freeman, Gula Weaver Angola, Ind.
 *Lane, Millie Gates Angola, Ind.
 *McCauley, Carrie Cole Buckhannon, W. Va.
 Williams, Nellie Geneva, Neb.
 *Wood, Emma Ireland Dead

1889

*Gates, Fred C Cleveland, Ohio
 *Gilbert, Guy Real Estate Agent Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 *Miser, Mary Longabaugh Waterloo, Ind.
 *Morse, Wellington Lumber Dealer Los Angeles, Cali.

1890

*Bobbitt, Salena Carpenter Denver, Colo.
 *Carpenter, Robert H. Editor Elwood, Ind.
 *Green, Elfie Pickett Bluffton, Ohio.
 *Pattee, Chester Montpleasant, Mich.
 Metzgar, Mary Stenographer Angola, Ind.
 *Sheets, Jennie Slade Fremont, Ind.
 *Sowle, Chas. Moulder Decatur, Ind.
 *Sowle, Irving Traveling Salesman Angola, Ind.
 *Williamson, Susie Sowle Angola, Ind.
 *Woodhull, Ray Electrician Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1891

*Dixon, R. L. Teacher Ann Arbor, Mich.
 *Pattee, Frank Durand, Mich.
 *Robinson, Maude Watson Angola, Ind.
 *Williams, Lell Richardson Angola, Ind.

1892

Benedict, Lillie Dead
 Bodley, Leona Stenographer Toledo, Ohio
 *Craig, Ona Craig Detroit, Mich.
 *Laney, Etta Zipfel Cleveland, Ohio

1893

*Averill, Floyd Portland, Oregon
 Brooks, Anna Angola, Ind.
 *Hammond, Edna Brandeberry Angola, Ind.
 *Hutchinson, Jennie Pugh Lebanon, Ind.
 *Milhoff, Imo Gale Mountain View, Cali.
 Wolfe, Lena Teacher Vancouver, Wash.
 Wyrick, Basil Editor Chicago, Ill.

1894

*Allen, J. W. Banker Hudson, Ind.
 *Allison, Mamie Goodale Angola, Ind.
 *Brokaw, Nora Shank Angola, Ind.
 *Cook, Edith Lemmon Fremont, Ind.
 *Jarrard, Bertha Sewell Angola, Ind.

*Roose, Nellie Day Topeka, Kans.
 *Shearer, Mary Pugh Angola, Ind.
 Walls, Lunetta Teacher Toledo, Ohio

1835

*Brown, HarryTraveling Salesman.....Cleveland, Ohio
 *Carpenter, Royal J.Banker Angola, Ind.
 *Evans, Tillie Stayner Pleasant Lake, Ind.
 *Field, Arthur Angola, Ind.
 *Jarrard, William Clerk Angola, Ind.
 *Jeffery, Kate Ireland Shipshewana, Ind.
 *Metzgar, Irvin Insurance Angola, Ind.
 *Pugh, TillieFlorist Kendallville, Ind.
 *Redding, Mamie Gale Angola, Ind.
 *Roby, Dorothy Fisher Saleslady Hillsdale, Mich.
 *Shank, Emmet E.Lumber Dealer..... Angola, Ind.
 *Singler, Edna Hirst Dunkirk, Ind.

1836

Benedict, DellaSeamstress Los Angeles, Cali.
 *Brandeberry, H. K.Farmer Metz, Ind.
 *Clark, Sadie Robinson Toledo, Ohio
 Enzor, Freeman K.Salesman Toledo, Ohio
 *Goodale, Eva Morse Orland, Ind.
 Kemery, BlancheSaleslady Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 *Swartz, Anna Bogis..... Vancouver, Wash.
 *Love, Lula Slade Angola, Ind.
 *McGrew, Lela Morse Angola, Ind.
 *Richards, Lillie Orewiler South Bend, Ind.
 Townsend, Deborah Dead
 *Westenhaver, Mabel Post Los Angeles, Calif.

1897

*Niehaus, Myrtle Shank Angola, Ind.
 *Phillee, June Smiley Huntington, Ind.
 *Willennar, Vera Field Auburn, Ind.
 *Williams, Lina Jacob Angola, Ind.

1898

*Estrich, Florence Moore Edon, Ohio
 *Isenhower, Charles U. S. Army
 *Luce, Clela Powers Angola, Ind.
 *Ryan, Audra Orton Indianapolis, Ind.
 Somers, John Dead

1899

Blass, RalphTraveling Salesman...Clarksburg, W. Va.
 *Dirrim, Blanche Garwood Angola, Ind.
 *Green, Nora Butler Angola, Ind.
 *Markham, Mabel Rose Angola, Ind.
 Miller, Maude Eugene, Ore.
 *McNaughton, Earl Merchant Ray, Ind.
 *McNaughton, Pearl Ford Ray, Ind.
 Miller, Will J.Teacher..... Monument, Ore.
 *Nyce, James R.Lawyer Auburn, Ind.
 *Shank, Ermin Druggist Angola, Ind.
 *Waller, Will F.Doctor Quaker, City, Ohio

1900

*Gillis, Robert Dentist Hammond, Ind.
 *McIntyre, Etta Cary Indianapolis, Ind.
 *Sheffer, Sam E.Printer South Bend, Ind.
 *Smith, L. C.Florist Marion, Ind.
 *Stevens, Edith Hall Mongo, Ind
 *Waller, Tina Elya Quaker City, Ohio
 Zipfel, Glen Dead

1901

*Gale, Louis	Phoenix, Ariz.
*Gordon, Wava Poland	Indianapolis, Ind.
*Janes, Vera Gilbert	Kent, Ohio
*McGrew, Jennie Stahl	Tel. Operator Angola, Ind.
Neal, Paul	Lawyer Freshwater, Ore.
*Purinton, Laura Kannel	Dead
*Regan, Iva Morse	Tulsa, Okla.
*Ritter, Clyde	Washington, D. C.
*Torrence, Clela Kirk	Carnegie, Penn.

1902

Beard, Mabel	Stenographer Auburn, Ind.
Carv, Nellie	Teacher Butler, Ind.
*Hickman, Veva Castle	Greencastle, Ind.
Crain, Grace	Teacher Angola, Ind.
*Finley, Alice Sousley	Orland, Ind.
French, Grace	Teacher Angola, Ind.
*Gates, Louis	Cleveland, Ohio
Gillis, Helen	Nurse Toledo, Ohio
*Lemmon, Earl	Farmer Pleasant Lake, Ind.
*Campbell, Winifred Orton	Heimdale, N. Dak.
*Paddock, Amy Hartman	Dead
*Uhl, Willis	Teacher Oswego, Illinois
Wickwire, Esther	Stenographer South Bend, Ind.
Wickwire, Ethel	Columbia University New York City

1903

*Beard, Fern Brown	Angola, Ind.
*Albaugh, Eva Bell	Peru, Ind.
*Berlin, Cynthia Kellogg	Elkhart, Ind.
Cline, Carrie	Angola, Ind.
*Fisher, Mack	Barber Angola, Ind.
*Fisher, Maude Braun	Angola, Ind.
*, Nellie Flint	
Freygang, Paul	Electrician Chicago, Ill.
Goodale, Ralph	Teacher Minneapolis, Minn.
*Hagerty, Guy	Salesman North Manchester, Ind.
Hathaway Pearl	Compositor Angola, Ind.
Hathaway, Winifred	P. O. Clerk Angola, Ind.
*Jackson, Howard	Druggist Angola, Ind.
*Kreitzer, Harry	Draughtsman Spokane, Wash.
Nichols, Nona	Teacher Danville, Ind.
*Preston, Lulu Bratton	Fort Smith, Ark.
*Ritter, Edna Johnson	Angola, Ind.
*Sheffer, Maude Cowan	Angola, Ind.
*Beckholt, Vera Snyder	Angola, Ind.

1904

*Burt, Walter	Indiana Bridge Co. Muncie, Ind.
*Hall, Nellie Castle	Angola, Ind.
*Sanders, Dessa Crain	Angola, Ind.
*Waller, Josephine Finch	Muncie, Ind.
*Hall, Gay French	Pleasant Lake, Ind.
*Pilliod, Dorothy Gillis	Toledo, Ohio
*Hall, James	Mail Carrier Angola, Ind.
*Johnson, Bernice Boyers	Robinson, Ill.
*Kratz, Melvin	Druggist Angola, Ind.
*Lacey, Vera Hauver	Holland, Mich.
Luton Mabel	
*May, Edith Gale	Phillips, S. Dakota
*Murphey, Florence Smith	Denver, Colo.
Pugh, Herbert	Salesman Chicago, Ill.
*Shields, Vesta Flint	Henrytown, Tenn.
*Sheffer, Waldo	Banker Angola, Ind.
*Sowle, Harry	Freight Clerk Angola, Ind.
*Snyder, Kenneth	Traveling Salesman Kansas City, Mo.
*VanHorn, Jessie Morse	Kalamazoo, Mich.

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1905

Bachelor, Ola	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Beil, Ana	Teacher Angola, Ind.
Butler, J. W.	Farmer Angola, Ind.
Croxton, Fred	Purdue University LaFayette, Ind.
Dickerson, Don	Stenographer Toledo, Ohio
Emerson, Clara	Teacher Mont Rose, Colo.
*Fisher, G. A.	Machinist Auburn, Ind.
Kyper, Guy	Teacher Washburn, Wis.
Nichols, Vern	Danville, Ind.
*Purinton, Wallace	Chicago, Ill.
*Rowe, Adelia Stallman	Galesburg, Ill.
*Thomas, Bessie Tuttle	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Weaver, Lulu	Montrelier, Ohio
*Willennar, Marshal D.	Litchfield, N. Dak.
*Woodhull, M. J.	Chicago, Ill.

1906

*Weaver, Ethel Bolan	Angola, Ind.
Davis, Clarence	Boulder, Colo.
*Willennar, Mildred Hauver	Litchfield, N. Dak.
*Jackson, Vera Dickerson	Angola, Ind.
*Kratz, Harold F.	Farmer Angola, Ind.
*Hall, Hazel F. Lee	Paoli, Ind.
McKinley, Hershall	Railroad Mail Clerk
Parsell, Oradell	Teacher Angola, Ind.
*Kratz, Evangeline Pilliod	Angola, Ind.
Wicoff, Weir	

1907

*Freeland, Letha Cary	Jackson, Mich.
Clay, Lloyd	U. of M. Ann Arbor, Mich.
*Black, Gay Hall	Helmer, Ind.
Hayward, Elsie	Chicago, Ill.
*Ludwig, Zula Ireland	Albion, Mich.
*Harris, Margaret Osborne	Clyde, Ohio
Pilliod, Mabel	Toledo, Ohio
*Winkless, Hazel Purinton	Chicago, Ill.
Rinehart, Mark	Harvard University Cambridge, Mass.
*Sowle, Paul	R. R. Brakeman Angola, Ind.
*Harriman, Mabel Stayner	Santonio, Texas
Willennar, Zeller	Teacher Waterloo, Ind.

1908

Braman, Pansy	Teacher Crooked Lake, Ind.
Brewer, Elmira	Thomas Institute Detroit, Mich.
Carpenter, Lois	Angola, Ind.
*Cole, Don	Farmer Angola, Ind.
*Ransburg, Vieve Dutter	Los Angeles, Cali.
Crain, Faye	Telephone Operator Angola, Ind.
*Gibbons, Edwina Freygang	Sandusky, Ohio
*Purinton, Ollie Goodwin	Chicago, Ill.
Hector, Joseph	Argentine, South America
Honess, Chas.	Harvard University Cambridge, Mass.
Johnson, Thomas	Ashley, Ind.
*Richter, Alta Junod	Vernon Center, Minn.
Kyper, Karl	Supt. H. S. Pioneer, Ohio
*Kratzer, Edith Eggleston	Angola, Ind.
Oberlin, Lloyd	Teacher Hoagland, Ind.
Parrott, Edna	Continental, Ohio
Ransburg, Dawson	Watertown, S. Dak.
*Spangle, Pearl Braman	Angola, Ind.
*Condon, Margaret Strayer	Angola, Ind.
Swift, Ola	Dead
Waller, Virgil	Cleveland Press Cleveland, Ohio
Walsh, Madge	Art Institute Chicago, Ill.
*Bender, Lucy White	Toledo, Ohio
Wisel, Sabrina	Helmer, Ind.

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1909

Hayward, Imo	Angola, Ind.
*Preston, Frederika Wambaugh	Detroit, Mich.
Patterson, Robert	Angola, Ind.
*Bakstead, Mildred Shank	Detroit, Mich.
*Kratzer, Flossie Butz	Asst. Book-keeper. Angola, Ind.
*Kratz, Elsie Zabst	Angola, Ind.
Honess, Arthur	Oberlin College Oberlin, Ohio
Mugg, Mabel	Teacher Helmer, Ind.
Manahan, Ruth	Angola, Ind.
Pocock, Thomas	Insurance Agent. Indianapolis, Ind.
Boyers, Byron	Oberlin College Oberlin, Ohio
*Shockley, Linda Peachey	Bloomington, Ind.
Parsell, Florence	Teacher Angola, Ind.
Lane, Altina	Teacher Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Williamson, Maurice	Worcester, Mass.
Hendry, Louis	Dead
*McKillen, Mildred Dole	Angola, Ind.
*Gibbs, Hazel Freligh	Angola, Ind.
*McKillen, Wayne	Clerk Angola, Ind.
Junod, Grace	Stenographer Ft. Wayne, Ind.
*() Fer Treese	
Elya, Fred	Worcester, Mass.
Stayner, Blanche	Teacher Flint, Ind.
Mallory, Daisy	Teacher Webster, Ind.
Peachey, Achsa	Fremont, Ind.
Carpenter, Wilma	Teacher Newton Falls, Ohio
Shank, Chas.	Prof. at T. S. C. Angola, Ind.
*Walters, Gladys Snyder	Dead
Rakestraw, Elezan	Indianapolis, Ind.
Wyrick, Arlo	Teacher Jamestown, Ind.
White, Ila	Milliner Orland, Ind.
*Hamlin, Don	Clerk Angola, Ind.
*Geiger, Velma Swift	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lash, Edna	Teacher Y. W. C. A. Los Angeles, Cali.

1910

Boozar, Ralph	Purdue University. LaFayette, Ind.
Chard Ethel	Teacher Hudson, Ind.
Creel, Coleman	Bison City, Utah
Culver, John	Warren, Arkansas
*Robbins, Velma Deal	Allentown, N. J.
*Winans, Lisle Dilworth	Auburn, Ind.
Ellithorp Dale	Jeweler Paxton, Ill.
Elston, Lynn	U. of Ill. Chicago, Ill.
Ewan, Vera	Melbourne, Ohio
*Fast, Frank	Farmer Columbia, Ohio
French, Rheba	Angola, Ind.
Goodwin, Warren	Fremont, Ind.
Ritter Alda	Angola, Ind.
Sickles, Burton	Angola, Ind.
Smith, Lucile	T. S. C. Angola, Ind.
Tasker, Mae	Reporter Angola, Ind.
VanCleave, Ruth	Telephone Operator Angola, Ind.
Walcott, Glenn	Hickman, Cali.

1911

Burt, Faye	Angola, Ind.
Brennan, Pearl	Nevada Mills, Ind.
Coy, Wilma	T. S. C. Angola, Ind.
Creel, Joyce	St. Marys. South Bend, Ind.
Castell, Lois	DePauw University. Greencastle, Ind.
Dewey, Neva	Angola, Ind.
Gilmore, Florence	Teacher Havanna, Ill.
Kirk, Hazel	Teacher Porto Rico
Harding, Bess	Clerk Angola, Ind.
Fast, Mabel	T. S. C. Angola, Ind.
Lazenby, Orinda	Hillsdale, Mich.
Lazenby, Lottie	Hillsdale, Mich.

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Watkins, Mariel	Teacher	Hamilton, Ind.
Weir, Alda	Teacher	Spring Valley, Ill.
Woodring, Warner	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
*Kolb, Lois McCool		Angola, Ind.
Mark, Okel	Teacher	Hudson, Ind.
Ettinger, Ned	U. of Michigan	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Gilmore, Alta		Angola, Ind.
Wells, Leighton	Kiltiey's Band	Milwaukee, Wis.
Hanselman, Enola	Teacher	Hamilton, Ind.
Rinehart, Mabel	Teacher	Metz, Ind.
Freligh, Clifton		
Omstead, Clela	Teacher	Mongo, Ind.
Pence, Arla	Teacher	Salem Center, Ind.
Hendry, Enola	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Phillips, Wava	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.

1912

Kunkle, Helen	Teacher	Fox Lake, Ind.
Palfreyman, David	Business College	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Avery, Hazel	Teacher	Angola, Ind.
Zimmerman, Glenn	Farmer	Angola, Ind.
Woodring, Ruth	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Deller, Frank	Farmer	Angola, Ind.
Sniff, Irma	Teacher	Metz, Ind.
Parsell, French		Angola, Ind.
Parsell, Ruth	Teacher	Steuben Co. Ind.
Hall, Burl	Teacher	North Dakota
Honess, Edith		
Kidney, Charles	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
VanCleave, Helen	Teacher	Dogdon, N. Dak.
Walsh, Wade	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Ettinger, Zema	Teacher	Salem Twp., Ind.
*Rinehart, Earl	Barber	Waterloo, Ind.
Dygert, Ellen		Manila, P. I.
Culver, Don	Clerk	Angola, Ind.
Roberson, Frances	Teacher	Pleasant, Lake, Ind.
Bratton, Corneal	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Crews, Marjorie Burkhart		Michigan City, Ind.
Parr, Lloyd	Teacher	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Evans, Jesse		
Story, Ina	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Smith, Imo		
Spears, Muriel	Teacher	Alvarado, Ind.
Kohl, Herman		Fremont, Ind.

1913

Abrams, Florence	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Creel, June	Teacher	Nevada Mills, Ind.
Brennan, Darl		Angola, Ind.
Dole, Pyrl		Eaton Rapids, Mich.
*Ellison, Florence Martin		Chicago, Ill.
Elliott, Heber		LaGrange, Ind.
*Brown, Helen Smith	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Morse, Willa	Teacher	Metz, Ind.
Ettinger, Marlin		Angola, Ind.
Noyes, Cleon	Teacher	North Dakota
Parsell, Winifred	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Parsell, Lewis		Rochester, Ind.
Parish, L. D.	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Pollock, Martha	Teacher	Douglass, N. Dak.
Rummel, Hermione	Clerk	Angola, Ind.
Ritter, Wymond		Angola, Ind.
*King, Glada Shumway	Teacher	Fremont, Ind.
Webb, Mildred	A. H. S.	Angola, Ind.
Webb, Rachel	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind.
Snellenberger, Clyde	Teacher	Nevada Mills, Ind.
Parsons, Maggie	Teacher	Angola, Ind.
Hayward, Birdena	Western College	Oxford, Ohio

* Married.

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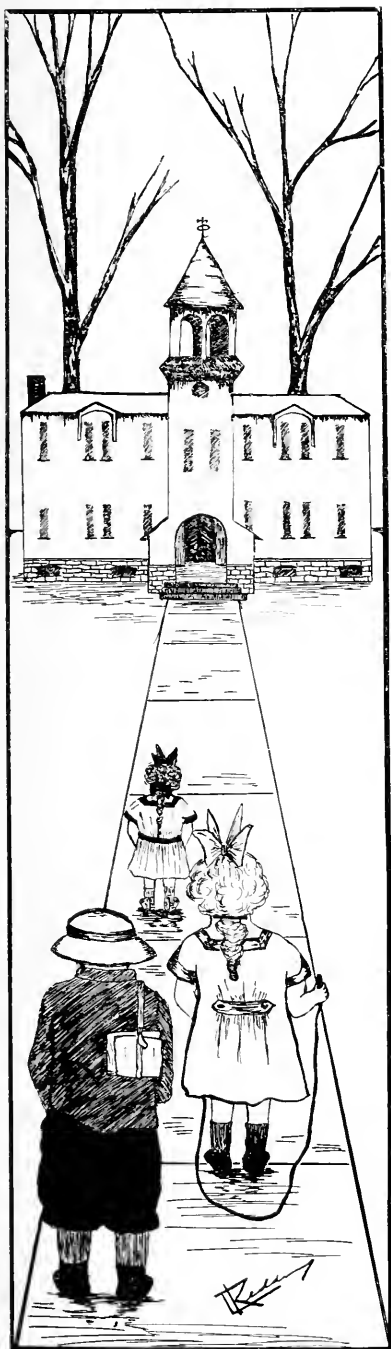
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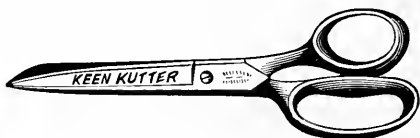
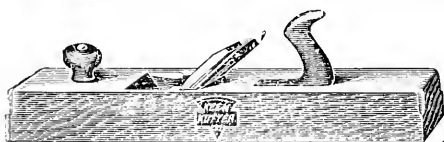


- Sept. 1—School commences. Arrangement of schedule.
- Sept. 2—Rearrangement of schedule. Gaylord Metzgar falls over the piano stool.
- Sept. 3—Disarrangement of schedule. One of the Freshmen who is entering school, tries to find a seat among the Seniors.
- Sept. 5—Boys are working on the new tennis court.
- Sept. 4—Work begins in earnest.
- Sept. 8—Class pin agent visits Senior class. He tries to bribe two of our honorable members but fails.
- Sept. 9—Eber J. informs Prof. Keep that lead feels heavy.
- Sept. 10—Mr. Letts startles the Seniors in class meeting when he asks permission from the president to chew gum. She consents. Mr. Letts divides his gum. Everybody happy.
- Sept. 11—We have a free talk on chewing gum—in school.
- Sept. 12—No one chews today.
- Sept. 15—Miss Steva: "What would you like to sing?"
Boys: "No, Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."
- Sept. 16—Harry G. has a new hair cut.
- Sept. 17—Zema C. makes Senior class happy by donating three cents to its treasury.
- Sept. 18—High School Manual Training meets for the first time this year.
- Sept. 19—Seniors have a hay-rack party at Helen Rummel's.
- Sept. 22—Harry G. tries to make us believe that the Colonists pushed over the Allegheny mountains.
- Sept. 23—Winifred Walcott says there are fifteen months in a year.
- Sept. 24—Seniors are excited—another class pin agent is here.
- Sept. 25—Seniors decide on class pins.
- Sept. 26—Mildred Hanselman has a queer play-thing at school—a live turtle.
- Sept. 29—Zema C. gets the reputation of being a big talker.
- Sept. 30—Mr. Witsaman: "Did none of you see the plus and minus signs?"
Glen Mc.: "Gee, whiz! I didn't see 'em."

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October...



Oct. 2—Mrs. Dodge gives talk on Isobel Carol.

Oct. 3—School out for the Fair.

Oct. 13—All are back to school ready for work. (?)

Miss Powell: "What picture comes to your mind from the word brood?"

Laura B.: "Brood of people."

Miss Powell: "What! Brood! People?"

Laura, (in very loud voice): "Chicken!"

Oct. 14—Fire near the school house causes a great commotion. High school students are interested spectators.

Oct. 15—Mrs. Fairfield, when angry in the Drawing class, told Bess to sit down and be still. For emphasis she slammed a book down. Arline, glancing up from her work, asked: "Why, Mrs. Fairfield, did you kill a fly?"

Oct. 16—Harry G. cuts a figure eight down the stairway.

Oct. 17—Mr. Witsaman smiles in Geometry class.

Florence D. and Esther C. can't recite in History. There was a big dance the night before.

Oct. 20—Mr. Letts says everybody is crazy.

Oct. 21—Alan tries to commit suicide. Mr. Webb visits Science classes.

Oct. 22—Mr. Letts boosts the Senior class.

Oct. 23—Mr. Keep is away and Mr. Webb teaches Science classes.

Oct. 24—Zema and Helen are interested in the styles of hair dress in the Ladies' Home Journal. Ditto, Mr. Letts.

Oct. 27—Sam P.: "What is your shin?"

Harry G.: "Don't you know where your shin is? Better get someone to demonstrate for you."

Oct. 28—Zema and Alan finish eating their dinner at school.

Oct. 29—Jay to Agness: "Say, have you got your second teeth?"

Oct. 30—Florence D. has a blossom on the end of her nose. Poor Florence can sympathize with Job.

Oct. 31—Hallowe'en.

The gong sounds for dinner.

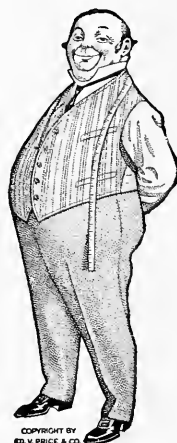
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November...



Nov. 2—Mr. Letts, (in Hist. to Harold C.)
"Put up that axe."

Nov. 4—Sentenced to Death. At twelve o'clock today members of the Freshmen class will be shot—at Boice's studio.

Nov. 5—Sophomores likewise have their pictures taken.

Nov. 6—Boys have their picture taken on the wind mill. (Flag-staff.)

Nov. 7—Mr. Witsaman says he will arrange it so that Leone and Henry can sit together. Leone is tickled.

Nov. 10—Juniors go to the studio.

Nov. 11—Freshies are shot again.

All are happy. Mr. Keep returned.

Nov. 12—Miss Powell, (who chaperoned one of the Sophomore parties,) comments on "parlor foot ball."

Nov. 13—Mr. Letts tells the Seniors some of his experiences trading horses.

Nov. 14—Sam P. (reading Macbeth): "Enter he cat. (Hecate) meeting the three witches."

Nov. 17—Laura, (in Eng. III, taking about a slumber party): "One of the girls saw a dark object and thinking it a man wanted to get it."

Nov. 18—Spectator Staff goes to the gallery.

Nov. 19—Prof. Letts goes to Indianapolis. Mr. Webb is substitute.

Nov. 20—Mr. Webb teaches Hist. IV, and Florence D. gets on the back seat.

Nov. 21—Esther goes walking with Lewis C. and runs to get to school on time.

Nov. 24—Mr. Letts distributes atlases of Canada to the school and then informs us that we won't recite out of them today, but will have our regular lessons.

Nov. 25—Senior boys plan to take up claims in Canada.

Nov. 26—Thanksgiving program. Rev. J. Humfreys addresses us.

Prof. Platt says that if anyone must use a pony (in Latin,) he should choose one which is high enough to keep his feet from dragging in the mud.

Nov. 27-28—Thanksgiving vacation.

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December...



- Dec. 1—Most of us haven't entirely recovered from the effects of our Thanksgiving dinner.
- Dec. 2—Mr. Letts gives Eng. IV class the reference, St. James 1:12-16, to look up.
Eber: "Is that in the Bible?"
- Dec. 3—Mr. Letts' definition of a coarse woman: "One that says 'Gol darn it.'"
- Dec. 4—Alan reads reference St. James 1:12-16, then looks up much surprised: "There isn't anything in here about Macbeth or any of his family."
- Dec. 5—Mr. Letts, (Eng. IV): "Would any of you commit murder, so that you could be President, if you knew no one would find it out?"
Eber: "Sure; I would."
- Dec. 8—"Oh, shoot!" some one exclaimed in the Latin class. "Not in here," warns Mr. Platt. "We don't allow fire arms here."
- Dec. 9—Senior girls have an interesting conversation about marriage. Mr. Witsaman is interested.
- Dec. 10—Boys begin basket ball practice.
- Dec. 11—Girls begin basket ball practice.
- Dec. 12—Seniors are like unruly children when the band goes past the A. H. S. Just at this time Ruth is too warm (?) and raises the window. Mr. Letts requests window to be lowered.
- Dec. 15—Harry shows his liberality by distributing Zema's money among the Seniors.
- Dec. 16—Mr. Letts: "Miss Pollock, what is a tanned haycock?"
Miss Pollock: "A man that makes hay."
- Dec. 17—Mr. Letts: "Give an example of friendly criticism." "When some one tells you there is jell on your neck-tie."
- Dec. 18-19—Nothing doing.
- Dec. 22—Mr. Witsaman: "I am on page 126." Not one of us thought but that he was standing up there on the floor.
- Dec. 23—Eber doesn't even get any rest at school. Esther takes his mother's place and tries to make him be good by boxing his ears.
- Dec. 24—X-mas program.
- Dec. 24, '13.-Jan. 5, '14—X-mas vacation.

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January...



- Jan. 5—Back for work again.
- Jan. 6—The basket ball girls have a try-out with the College team.
- Jan. 7—A. H. S. bowling team defeats T. S. C. team at the local alleys.
- Jan. 8—Harry G.: "Women are always lecturing.
Mr. Letts: "Oh, well; some day you will find one to whom you will be glad to listen."
Harry: "Some of them are rather amusing now."
Miss Powell, (in Eng.): "He received a tight lap (light tap) on the shoulder."
- Jan. 9—B. B. B. go to Albion. Score 8 to 70 in favor of Albion.
- Jan. 12—High School sings at the Methodist church.
- Jan. 13—Examination schedule.
- Jan. 14—Crams for exams.
- Jan. 15—Exams. Oh, you exempt "cuties."
- Jan. 16—Ditto.
- Jan. 19—A. H. S. girls vs T. S. C. girls. 4 to 31 favor of Tri-State.
- Jan. 21—Grade cards.
- Jan. 22—Eber, in explaining Emerson's statement, "Solitude is impracticable and society fatal," said: "He meant we should keep our heads in one and our feet in the other."
- Jan. 23—Wanted, by the Faculty, a better Junior class: All but three Juniors had to take the exams. Deportm't 89.
- Jan. 24—Angola H. S. vs Hamilton H. S. Score, 13 to 15 in favor of Hamilton.
- Jan. 26—(Question in Hist IV exam.): "Tell about the campaign that closed the Civil War." Answer: "The campaign was a very peaceful one. It was closed with prayer and singing of hymns on account of the death of President Lincoln.
- Jan. 27—Eber spills acid on his new trousers and loses his temper.
Mr. Keep: "What is the use of dogs?" Answer: "Bologna."
- Jan. 28—Florence D. (giving example in Grammar): "He left before morning." Mr. Keep: "I think it was time for him to go."
- Jan. 29—Mr. Letts advises Zema and Harry to put in a telephone system.
- Jan. 30—Angola H. S. vs Reading H. S. Score, 21 to 34 in favor of Angola.

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February...



- Feb. 2—Senior sleighing party at Rose Kohl's home.
- Feb. 3—Sleepy bunch on the west side of the Assembly room. Punk lessons.
- Feb. 4—Miss Powell thinks that Juniors don't know much about the Bible. For instance, "What was the Sermon on the Mount?" No one knows.
- Feb. 5—Miss Powell: "Joyce, what is the Sermon on the Mount?"
 Joyce, (picking up her book): "What page is it on?"
 Mr. Letts: "Zema, do you think people ought to have their own way?"
 Zema: "Sure."
 Mr. Letts: "Beware boys!"
- Feb. 6—Teachers' Association; no school.
- Feb. 9—Mr. Keep: "What is the difference between coal and wood?"
 Eva W.: "Well, wood is wood."
 Mr. Keep: "And coal in coal."
- Feb. 12—Mr. Witsaman draws the geometrical figures in Geom. class and Laura inquires: "Are you going to draw the pictures every day?"
- Feb. 13—Annual school program.
- Feb. 16—Mr. Letts: "I found a lady's glove at the Opera house. If you find the owner send her around. And afraid my wife will find the glove."
- Feb. 17—Senior girls visit trial.
- Feb. 18—Winifred, (experimenting with ether) accidentally placed it too near the fire and as a result she is minus some hair, eyebrows and eyelashes.
- Feb. 20—Miss Powell, (Eng. III) after reading Lowell's "Courtin'," asks: "Arline, why is this poem so popular: is there anything in it uncommon?"
 Arline: "No, I don't think so."
- Feb. 24—Girls entertain Eng. IV class with kindergarten stories.
- Feb. 25—Ruth M. (Com. Arith.): "Are we going to have any more problems about that wine?"
 Mr. Witsaman: "No: I think we have had enough wine this year."
- Feb. 26—Senior bob load at Lloyd Wilson's. A. H. S. vs T. S. C. girls. Score 10 to 19 in favor of Tri-State.
- Feb. 27—Sleepy Seniors; Civics test; Chem-house cleaning.
 Prof. Witsaman sends Dean C. to the office for a change of atmosphere.

W. K. Sheffer

Writes

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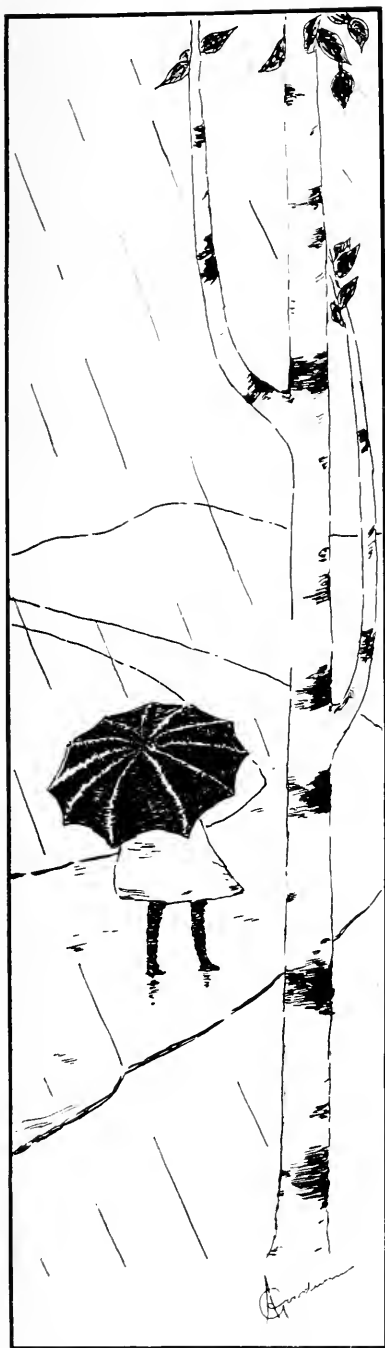
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March...



- Mar. 2—Another Civics test.
Alan tells Zema her dress is made of holes sewed together.
- Mar. 3—Mr. Keep thinks the Juniors have about as good an ear for music as he has. Juniors have not yet decided whether that is a compliment or a slam.
- Mar. 4—Prof. Witsaman becomes eloquent in Geom. class, and warns: "You can't get through Geometry on flowery beds of ease."
- Mar. 5—Mr. Letts: "Miss Coy, will you play a march for us this evening?"
Blanche: "Oh, murder!"
- Mar. 9—Eber loses his cap. Freshman substitutes his hat but it proves to be too small.
- Mar. 10—Mildred: "His aunt was an old maid."
Miss Powell: "Lady in waiting, if you please."
- Mar. 11—Stirling M. is continually treating a few girls of the Geom. class to kisses. (Candy.)
- Mar. 12—Sophomore class present Mr. Witsaman with anti-Department League paper.
- Mar. 16—Chem. class begins Analytical Chemistry.
- Mar. 17—Senior girls give Senior boys St. Patrick's party.
School Board donates \$10 to the Athletic Association.
- Mar. 18—Blanche stands up for Lloyd in Civics class.
- Mar. 19—Miss Ricketts is married. Her call for a man is answered.
- Mar. 20—Miss Steva prohibits studying and reading of papers during Victrola period. Several are guilty, Mr. Letts included.
- Mar. 23—Eva Orwig, (explaining poetical expression.) says: "Cloven foot means—why, the evil spirit."
Miss Powell, (with disgust): "Well the devil!"
- Mar. 25—B. B. B. go to Orland. Score 20 to 63 in favor of Angola.
- Mar. 27—Mr. Keep: "The last total eclipse was about fifty years ago."
Laura: "Oh, my! I thought I remembered it."
Mr. Keep: "No wonder your hair is white."
- Mar. 28 April 6—Spring vacation.

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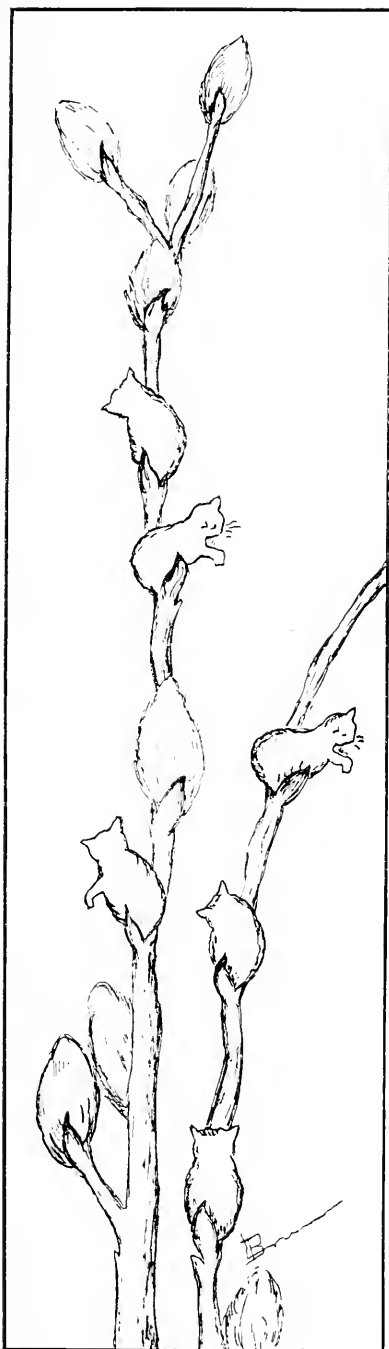
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April...



April 6—Mr. Letts summons special committee meeting to Room C., consisting of Alan, Harry, Eber, Zema and Helen.

April 7—Mr. Letts appoints a bunch of boys to take the College roller back, which they borrowed last fall.

Boys fail to get roller returned. Principal appoints all the boys in High School to see it is returned.

April 8—The first real spring day carries great temptations with it. Even Tom E. can't refrain from going to sleep, and Prof. Witsaman takes the trouble to awaken him.

April 9—It is rumored that Sam Pence had a girl last night.

April 10—Harold C. thinks that a blind alley means a saloon, but he finds out different.

April 13—Helen R. (in Eng. IV) talks on current question, "A Fuel of the Future." Mr. Letts: "Did you say Fuel of the Future?"

April 15—Mr. Keep. (in Physics) explaining the saying "the new moon in the old moon's arms," said: "Just imagine yourself in your own arms."

April 16—Mr. Letts defines society: "When a girl puts on her best gown and sits on the edge of a chair."

April 17—Florence smiles on Hale Miller.

April 20—Mr. Witsaman greets Senior girls, "Hello."

April 21—(Civics.) The surgeon general prohibited Bryan's acceptance of a llama, which had hoof-rot, that was sent to him by a zoological society.

Bernice: "Yes, and they threw it in the ocean."

Zema: "Was it a man?"

April 22—Harold is angry because he is still cutting teeth. Arline comforts him by saying: "Never mind; when I was your age I was cutting teeth, too."

April 23—Mr. Keep tells us how an artificial kidney was made, using glass tubing for arteries. Eber: "Then if he would bump against some one it would be liable to break, wouldn't it?"

April 24—Lloyd W. kisses the floor.

April 28—Mildred and Tom go walking.

April 29—Ruth and Lee, ditto.

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May...



May 1—May day.

May 4—Miss Powell: "George, your themes are so poor I will have to report to your mother."

George H.: "Gee! I wish you would. She wrote 'em."

May 5—Athletes begin to play tennis.

May 6—Helen R.: "Blame it! If I ever get big enough to lick kids I'm going to teach school."

May 7—Marjorie: "Boo! I'm cold."

Russell: "Want my coat?"

Marjorie: "No; just the sleeves."

May 8—Girls wear spring hats.

May 11—Boys follow suit.

May 12—Botany class goes flower hunting.

May 13—Leone W. (giving quotation from Julius Caesar): "Let me have men about me that are fat. Sleek men and such as sleep o'nights."

May 14—Bernice plans to visit Coldwater.

May 15—Physics class goes on experimenting expedition.

May 18—Senior girls surprise us all by wearing their hair down.

May 19—Drawing class goes sketching.

May 20—Manual Training girls skip class.

May 21—Mr. Witsaman investigates the matter.

May 22—Seniors leave the school. Tears! Tears! Tears!

May 25—Junior reception.

May 26—Crams for exams.

May 27-28—Term examinations.

May 29—Commencement.

May 30—Decoration Day.

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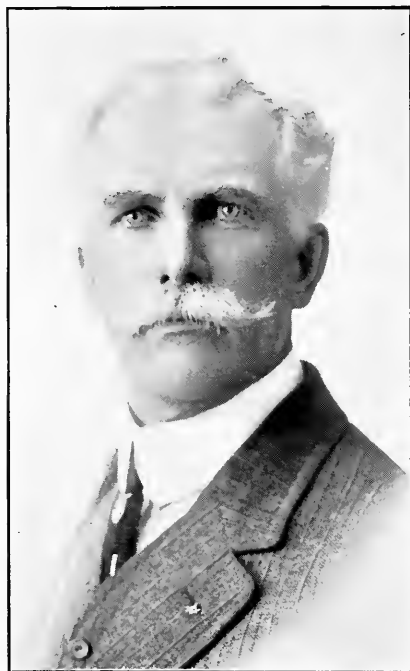
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ALL SORTS

Miss Steva, (in chorus): "Please don't forget your names tomorrow morning."

* * * * *

Agness Pollock, (in Hist. IV): "That tribe of Indians was the Winne-
pegs." (Winnebagos.)

* * * * *

Mr. Keep, (in Botany, class): "If you want a night lice (nice light)
broom, get one with a bass-wood handle."

* * * * *

Mr. Witsaman: "Now let's all be quiet; Henry wants to talk."

Henry W.: "I don't know nothin' about it."

* * * * *

If at the gates of Heaven,
St. Peter says to me:
"Young man all those who enter here
Must have geometry!"
I'll not stand there and argue,
For that's not in my line;
I'll simply say, "St. Peter,
Good-bye; it's —— for mine."

* * * * *

Ruth Masters, (in Eng. II): "This boy had on a pair of home spun
trousers that he had grown out of." (Out grown.)

* * * * *

Mrs. Fairfield gives a chair dance when Lois R. presents her with a
dead mouse.

* * * * *

Teacher: "Who was the first electrician?"

Pupil: "Noah; he made the ark light on Mt. Ararat."

* * * * *

Donald S., (in Hist. IV): "The bindary bounds (boundary lines) were
changed."

* * * * *

"Was the play very tragical last night?"

"Awfully; even the seats were in tiers."

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Mr. Witsaman, (in Geom.): "That problem needs a little doctoring."
Mildred L.: "Well, go to the next and I'll doctor it."

* * * * *

Eber J., (in Eng. III): "Will you read the front end of that again?"

* * * * *

Flunker: "But I don't think that I deserve an absolute zero."

Prof.: "No, Sir, neither do I; but it's the lowest grade I'm allowed to give."

* * * * *

Little Johnnie Burns
Sits upon a stove,
Little Johanie Burns,
Little Johnnie Burns
Didn't go to Heaven,
Little Johanie Burns.

* * * * *

Miss Powell, (in Eng. III): "How far west did the United States extend in Washington's time?"

Bess Coleman: "To the Mediterranean Mountains."

* * * * *

Instructor: "Bisect that line."

Student, (after serious thought): "Where do you want me to bisect it?"

* * * * *

Prof.: "Miss —, what are simultaneous equations?"

Pupil: "I know, but I can't express myself."

Prof. "Go by freight, then."

* * * * *

Phyllis Slade, (in Eng. II): "Yes it was a green book with red all over."

* * * * *

Laura Brunson claims that she produced her dimples by sleeping on collar buttons.

* * * * *

Pyrl Tiffany, (in Hist. II): "Where's them History references?"

Mr. Letts: "Back on the shelf."

Pyrl: "An' them don't tell about 'em, does they?"

* * * * *

A Freshman, when asked if he would buy a Spectator, said: "I don't know; I will have to see my mamma."

WINONA COLLEGE

Is in session forty-eight weeks of each year. Strong faculty. Its credits accepted everywhere. Holds to high standards. Attractive courses of study. Location the most beautiful in the United States. Social and religious influences the very best. Expenses the lowest at which good accommodations can be furnished. Regular courses in Liberal Arts, Education, Business, Music, Public Speaking.

Many additional courses offered Summer Term: Primary, Kindergarten, Domestic Science, Public School Drawing, Art, Public School Music, Elocution, Physical Education.

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Normal Classes for Class A and Class B people every term in the year.

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IN

MILLINERY

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STRAYER'S

Prof. Witsaman, (in Geometry): "How many sides has a circle?"
Donald Wolfe: "Two sides; an inside and an outside."

* * * * *

Lois Redding tells the Botany class that men who carry smoking tobacco shouldn't go into forests.

* * * * *

Harry Gilmore, (in Civics class): "He had to take oath that it was an original idea of his own."

* * * * *

Miss Powell, (in Eng. III): "Where is the Statue of Liberty?"
Maude H.: "In Liverpool."
Miss P.: "Where do you think it is, Floy?"
Floy H.: "In Washington."

* * * * *

Mr. Witsaman, (in Geom. III): "Is that right, Ford?"
Ford Z.: "Yes, that's right."
Mr. Witsaman: "What did he say?"
Ford: "I don't know what he said, but it's right."

* * * * *

Sterling M., (in Bot. II): "What does them things look like humming birds?"

* * * * *

Marjorie Kunkle, (in Geom. III): "Did you look up the answer to that problem?"
Mr. Witsaman: "No."
Marjorie: "Aw, gwan, now; you did too."

* * * * *

Ye Latin classics:

He winked quo usqui tandem,
At puellas on the forum,
And some times even made
Those goo-goo esculorum.

* * * * *

Eber J.: "Well, I can state it better if I don't have to tell it aice."

* * * * *

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,
As far as we can learn,
He stood with perfect safety
For, he was too green to burn.

JACKSON'S

Dainty Lunches and
Iced Refreshments
Please the Appetite

Dispensed by an Expert



A Full Line of

Perfumes, Toilet
Articles, Drugs and
Drug Sundries

“QUALITY COUNTS”

Mr. Platt, (in Latin II): "Which of these two clauses takes the subjunctive?"

Ralph Patterson: "I don't know but one of them do and one doesn't."

* * * * *

Miss Powell, (in Eng. III): "What do you know about the Sermon on the Mount?"

Joyce M.: "What page is that on?"

* * * * *

Erwin M.: "I don't stand on trifles."

Ellen M., (glancing at his feet): "So I notice."

* * * * *

A chink by the name of Cling Ling,
Fell off a street car—bing! bing!
The con turned his head,
To the passenger said:
"The car's lost a washer."—ding! ding!

* * * * *

Miss Powell, (in Eng. III): "What is meant by tract?"

Floy H.: "Doesn't it mean railroad track?"

* * * * *

Music as advertised:

"Trust Her Not," for 50 cents.

"I Could Not Live Always," without accompaniment.

"See the Conquering Hero Come," with full orchestra.

"The Sail of a Sword Fish," with many scales.

"Home, Sweet Home," in A flat.

* * * * *

Evolution of an American Woman

(After marriage.)

First, she has a kitchenette

Second, she has a cigarette,

Third, she has a celarette, and

Fourth, she is a suffragette.

S. A. P.

* * * * *

Mr. Platt: "There will be a number of seats reserved at Brokaw's theatre this afternoon for H. S. girls between four and five."

High School

Young Men and Women

YOU sometimes say of a man "he has some style about him;" you're really referring to his clothes.

That "look" is due to the design; and it's a marked feature of the clothes we sell for both young men and women.

Kuppenheimer

Ready-to-wear or
custom made for
young Men.

Wooltex

Ready-to-wear
Coats and Suits
for young Women.

Their designing staffs are a group of specialists, each an artist in his line.

Our various departments are constantly supplied with the very newest merchandise in furnishings and haberdashery for both young men and women. Hence our perfectly selfish reason for wanting you to get in the habit of coming to our store.

PATTERSON'S

GOOD GOODS.

PROVERBS

(Ben Franklin Monthly.)

"Anticipated pleasures seldom pan out right."

"Opportunities approach those who use them."—Emerson.

"Charity begins at home and ends there with the majority."

"It may be that second thoughts are best if they arrive in time."

"The emptiest man in the world is the one that is full of himself."

"Exaggeration is only a modified form of lying. Don't indulge in it."

"The indifference of the average man to small details contributes to the high cost of living."

"We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done."—Longfellow.

"The sad expression often worn by old teachers is probably caused by their having forgotten the things that they thought they knew when young."

* * * * *

Freshmen Conundrums

Why was Paul Coy?

Why is Aubra Wise?

Where is Leo's Bair?

Who is Hale's Miller?

Why did Edna Spade?

Why did Harold Howell?

Why did Walter Good-win?

Where are Beulah's Nichols?

Where are Sammy's Brooks?

What has Faye's Robin-ette?

Where is Gaylord's Metz-car?

Will Newton Dy-gert to his bed?

Why are Wilma and Pearl John-son's?

* * * * *

Teacher's cranky,

Pupils few,

Questions flying,

Zero too.

What's the matter?

Don't you know

Monday morning's

Always so?

—D. S.

THE END.



